

He thinks that his steadfast loyalty to the Church has been of inestimable value to him in the regulation and development of his life and in the training of his children; and we know that the inspiration of his life and counsel has been a gladness and an uplift to Church and preacher in many a dark day. May his time of usefulness yet be long!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A. T. BLOUNT.

ALLEN T. BLOUNT was born in Meriweather County, Ga., March 16, 1845. He was the son of Wiley R. and Julia A. Blount; the former born in 1810, the latter in 1820. They are described as "old-time shouting Methodists," whose dwelling was the itinerant preachers' home so long as they chose to stay, the father being steward and class leader for many years.

How these Christian families do perpetuate a holy seed! They had three sons and four daughters, all of whom became members of the Church in early life, glorified God, and blessed their generation by an upright walk and holy conversation.

Allen T. Blount married Mrs. Margaret A. Peary, November 22, 1868, a widow with two daughters. Two boys and one girl were born to them. All of these at an early age became members of the Methodist Church. They loved the Church and were all devoted to their Lord.

Brother Blount came to Arkansas in 1876, and in 1883 settled in the new town of Stephens. He has been an official member of the Church for thirty years, serving the Church gladly in every possible way. He has nothing which he esteems too good for Christ, and with him the joy of earning money has always been less than investing it in the Kingdom of God. He has cared for his children. One son was graduated from Hendrix College; they are all doing well.

He has been over and over a delegate to the Annual Conference or in attendance as a member of some Conference Board, and his face is as familiar at the annual session as that of any of the preachers. He was a member of the General Conference at Memphis in 1894.

He was an excellent preacher, a thoughtful student, an active pastor, a faithful husband and father, and a useful citizen. He was a very valuable member of the Conference; an intelligent, helpful, and interested participant in the work of the Conference sessions, both in the open sessions and on committees. Whatsoever was entrusted to him he did carefully and thoroughly—another index of character.

For the last thirteen years of his life he was a member of the Joint Board of Finance, and for the last ten years chairman of the Board. His co-laborers on the Board can bear witness with what zeal, fidelity, patience, and unflinching devotion he looked after all the work of that Board, and how he carried on his heart the widows, orphans, and worn-out preachers for whom the Board cares.

He was a man of open candor, of undaunted courage, a friend but not a flatterer, courteous but never fawning, a man to be trusted in word and deed.

James M. Hawley, son of Rev. L. B. Hawley, was born January 4, 1867, in Pulaski County, Ark. His father was licensed to preach the next year. He was a preacher's boy, was religious from childhood, and in tender age became a member of the Church. At once like Samuel, he heard the divine call and expressed a purpose to be a preacher of the gospel, whereupon the father decided it to be his duty to educate him for his holy calling. The boy was placed in the Central Collegiate Institute at Altus, where at the age of twenty he was graduated with the A. B. degree. He had been licensed to preach some time before, and when the Arkansas Conference met he was admitted on trial and sent to Booneville Circuit, which he served two years. In 1889 he was received into full connection and located, as was then required, that he might attend Vanderbilt University. He remained in the university four years, graduating in the theological department and receiving the Master's degree in the academic. He was immediately appointed to Batesville Station, in White River Confer-

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HAWLEY, FATHER AND SON.

(REVS L. B. AND J. M. HAWLEY.)

LOUIS B. HAWLEY was born in Virginia, November 21, 1845. In childhood he came to Arkansas and, being of adventurous spirit, enlisted in the Confederate Army, although he was not twenty years old when the war ended. Education came to the young of that time otherwise than through the schools. I have wondered how and when he attained his mental furnishings, for certainly no one would have charged him with ignorance.

He was received into the Church in 1867, and in 1868 was licensed to preach. He was a local preacher nine years, serving, however, as supply part of the time, and had good repute as a preacher before he became an itinerant. He was admitted on trial by the Little Rock Conference in 1878, having been already ordained deacon and elder. He took a four years' course of study, passing his examinations year by year, something I have rarely known a man to do, who was in elder's orders when admitted on trial and index of character. He was appointed in 1878 to Richmond Circuit, in 1879 to Richmond and Rocky Comfort, in 1880-1 to Washington, in 1882-3-4 to Fulton, in 1885-6 to Benton, in 1887-90 to Hope. These appointments in his early ministry marked the unusual ability and usefulness of the man. In 1888 he was sent to Arkansas City, which he served four years; Hamburg, one year; South Hot Springs, two years; El Dorado, four years; Des Arc and De Vall's Bluff, one year; Warren, three years. In 1903 he was stationed in Stuttgart, serving nearly two years, death ending his labors a little before Conference met. He died November 9, 1905, having preached the gospel thirty-seven years; twenty-nine years a member of the Conference, always effective, always efficient, always fruitful.

ence, to fill a vacancy until Conference. When Conference convened he was readmitted and returned to Batesville.

In 1894 he was called to the chair of English in Hendrix College, reluctantly abandoning a lucrative pastorate to accept a professor's chair, with scanty prospect of support, because his brethren persuaded him that it was his duty.

He immediately transferred to the Little Rock Conference, which he had all along regarded as his home. In 1898 his desire to return to the pastoral work prevailed. He resigned his professorship and was appointed presiding elder on the Hot Springs District. In 1899 the district was dissolved and he was appointed to Lakeside Church, in Pine Bluff, which he served two years. In 1901 he was stationed at First Church, in Pine Bluff, and returned in 1902, and again in 1903. Here he finished his ministry. The Master called him home.

He died May 24, 1904; an untimely end, it seems to us, lamented by his heart-broken widow, his aging father, his devoted congregation, and all the members of the Conference. He ceased at once to work and live, as was the case with his father the next year. He left an only son, born but a few hours before the father's death. May he be such as his father and grandfather!

He was not a pulpit orator, but he was a charming preacher, thoughtful, clear, concise, spiritual, and earnest. As a pastor he was sympathetic, tactful, helpful. His Christian experience was genuine, his faith in God unswerving, his devotion to Christ intense. He was sincere and loyal, an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile; pure in thought and feeling. I feel sure he enjoys association with the angels.

Father and son, I loved them both. They were devoted to each other, but this devotion never expressed itself in any offensive way. I never knew either of them in the slightest way to endeavor to secure recognition or favor for the other in the appointments or otherwise. The highest refinement of honor was an element in the character of each.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HON. T. B. MORTON.

THOMAS B. MORTON was born in Hopkinsville, Ky., February 22, 1843. The family moved to Arkansas and settled in Pine Bluff in 1850. His father was elected sheriff of Jefferson County, but died in 1855. Private schools were the only means of education. He attended one taught by Major Alexander and Martin, the county surveyor, but not long. His widowed mother was not able to keep him in school. So he went to work, but did not cease to study. He grew to manhood during the war, volunteered in Carrol's regiment, but was discharged on account of physical disability.

He studied law, and in 1866 was admitted to the bar by Judge Wm. M. Harrison in Pine Bluff. He removed to Sheridan in 1868 and worked in the clerk's office; was in the Legislature representing Grant County in 1871; was elected county clerk in 1878 and served until 1885, and was Senator in 1891, in which year he moved to Fordyce, where he has ever since resided, educating his children and practicing his profession.

He was married in 1870 to Miss Martha E. Posey. They have had ten children. All are grown up now. Some are married; all are doing well. The man who has brought up ten children of his own, educated and worthily trained, has had a successful life and deserves well of his country. No man does this without a good wife. Their record is in their sons and daughters.

He was received into the Methodist Church in 1868. He has served the Church in almost every capacity as a layman, having been Sunday school superintendent, steward, trustee, and delegate to District and Annual Conference. He is always looked to when important matters demand attention, and responsible af-

fair call for true and strong men. He is a faithful attendant upon all the services of the Church, participates in all its worship and teaches a large class of adults in the Sunday school. He is never enthusiastic, but solid; never visionary, but wise.

Yet he is something of a poet, has published some verse in booklets, has written a novel, and may have more in hand.

He is a valuable man to have in any community, in whose wisdom and integrity every one can confide.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

REV. JAMES E. CALDWELL.

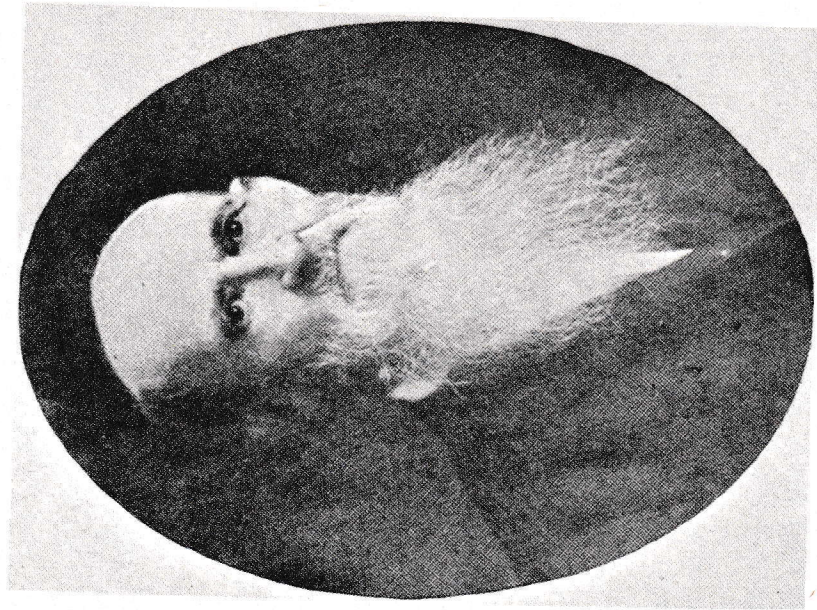
JAMES E. CALDWELL was born in Saline County, Ark., September 23, 1833. He was received into the Church in April, 1851, converted under the ministry of A. R. Winfield. He attended La Grange College, and while there was given license to preach in 1852.

He was admitted on trial by the Arkansas Conference in 1853 and appointed to Louisburg Circuit. The Conference was divided the next year, and he fell into the Ouachita Conference. In 1866 the name was changed to Little Rock Conference; so he has been a member of three Conferences and yet a member of only one.

In 1855 he was received into full connection and sent to Rockport, in 1856 to Brownsville, in 1857 to Brownsville as supernumerary, 1858 to Center Point; in 1859 he was superannuated, in 1860 to Tulip, and returned in 1861. In 1862-3-4 he was sent to Princeton, in 1865 stationed in Arkadelphia, in 1866 to Princeton, 1867-8 to Tulip, in 1869 superannuated. In 1870-1873 he was agent for the American Bible Society. In 1874 he was placed permanently on the superannuate roll. However, in 1879 he was effective one year and traveled the Social Hill Circuit.

He is afflicted with deafness. It came on him gradually during the sixties. In 1870, finding himself greatly embarrassed in pastoral work, he obtained an appointment as Bible agent. He magnified that office, traveling widely, preaching much, and assisting in revival meetings in many places. By the end of four years he could scarcely hear at all. With the aid of a trumpet he could manage a conversation with some satisfaction; but the deafness increased until he became absolutely deaf. It has been

a great affliction to him. He delighted in the society of his friends, but now the possibility of conversation was denied him. He delighted in public worship, but he could not hear the loudest con-



REV. J. E. CALDWELL.

gregational singing, much less the preaching or the prayers. He delighted in the Conference sessions, and he has missed roll-call twice in fifty-seven years; but when he could hear nothing his friends could only greet him with a smile and a handshake, and turn aside to talk with others. He could not find out who the

strangers were, and year by year the strangers increased, and in twenty years almost the entire personnel of the Conference was changed, and all the joy of the occasion was lost to him. He loved to preach; but when, at length, he could not hear the people sing, nor hear himself preach, the silence became awful. No one understood how severe the affliction—no one, except it be Dr. H. R. Withers, who was admitted on trial with him and experiences now the same grievous affliction. I am glad for both that they can see to read.

He was married October 17, 1854, to Miss Martha A. Grubbs. They have had nine children—two boys and seven girls. The boys have died and two of the girls. Five daughters live, are married, and live in homes of their own. Brother and Sister Caldwell live alone. They have seen the table in their dining-room gradually lengthen to make room for the children, then gradually shorten through the years, till there is only the original pair. The place was once filled with the noise of children. Now it is silent as the grave. They live in Tulip. The old town has also lost its voice. Silence broods over all.

Merchants' and Planters' Bank four or five years. He then organized a building and loan association, and is now city clerk of Texarkana, Ark.

Having lost his first wife, he was married in 1879 to Mrs. Molly Walker. She has four children, and there were five by his first wife. They are all grown now, and many of them gone far from home, but retain their affectionate regard for their parents and for each other.

Captain Simms was received into the Methodist Church in mature life, about 1891. He has been a faithful and very useful member of the Church, especially useful as a steward and financier. In church building enterprises he is a righthand man. He is a faithful attendant on the services at the Lord's house, and was indeed before he joined the Church; and his children fear the Lord and walk in the ways of righteousness.

He is a spiritual man, an honest man, a warmhearted man, a man to trust, a man to love.

CHAPTER XL.

CAPTAIN T. H. SIMMS.

THOMAS HAMILTON SIMMS was born at Culpeper Court House, Va., February 1, 1838. His father, Albert G. Simms, was a Baptist in religion, a scholar and teacher of repute, principal of a private academy, in which Thomas received his education. There were thirteen children, of whom five are now living, two being Baptist preachers of ability and reputation.

Thomas came to Arkansas when in his teens, and kept books for his brother-in-law at Fulton. His brother-in-law was D. C. Walker. He married, March 4, 1858, Miss Lucy R. Moss, of Washington, and about the same time became deputy in the clerk's office there. He was soon after elected clerk of Hempstead County, which place he held twelve years. He was then in some mercantile business for awhile, but was appointed revenue collector by President Cleveland and lived in Little Rock from 1885 to 1889. He enjoyed the confidence of all men and was the genial companion of the public men of that time, whether in Washington or in Little Rock. After Harrison's election he returned not to Washington, but to Hope, to which place so many of the citizens of Washington had drifted, and there organized the Hempstead County Bank, of which he was cashier several years.

He was one of the best accountants in the State, and this, reinforced by his sterling integrity and charming courtesy, was a large factor in establishing the character of the bank. But such work is taxing and wearing. His nervous system suffered from the overstrain, and a long spell of typhoid fever resulted, from which he was slow to rally. So he gave up his place in the bank, and, the Spanish War ensuing, he was employed, with the rank of captain, in the ordnance department, with quarters in Cincinnati. In 1901 he moved to Texarkana and was cashier of the

CHAPTER XLI.

CAPTAIN T. M. EAST.

THOMAS MILTON EAST, son of Joel and Rebecca East, was born in Newberry District, S. C., in 1830. The parents were devoted Methodists, and he was trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

He went to Kansas in 1856, but the stormy conditions there were not to his taste, and in 1857 he came to Arkansas and made his home in Clark County, where he resided fifty years. However, he was in the Confederate Army four years, volunteering in June, 1861, and returning when the war was over. He went a private; he returned a captain.

He was married in 1859 to Miss Susan Haynes, a native of Tennessee, who died in 1860, leaving one son, William B. East. He was married a second time to Miss Talether E. Weir, She bore him four children: Thomas M., Calvin W., Miss Belle, and Miss Eula. Miss Belle married Rev. W. C. Winn, of the South Carolina Conference, and Miss Eula married Mr. C. P. R. Boyer. All the children belong to the Methodist Church and are following their parents as they followed Christ.

Captain East was for thirty-five years a steward, and for many years Sunday school superintendent, and was usually a member of the District or Annual Conference. He was a faithful friend and counselor of his pastor, a man on whom every preacher could rely and from whom every man caught courage and inspiration. He died in Okolona, October 20, 1907.

CHAPTER XLII.

DR. H. R. WITHERS.

HARLSTON REED WITHERS was born in Washington County, Fla., January 22, 1835. The family came to Arkansas in 1848 and settled in Drew County, where his father, John, was a pioneer Methodist, from whom proceeded a family numbering many scores, who are scattered over the State, for the most part Methodists, six or eight preachers.

Harlston was brought into the Church in childhood. He was given license to preach December 15, 1850, before he was sixteen years old, and was admitted on trial by the Arkansas Conference at Camden in 1851. This antedates in admission on trial that of any other member of the Little Rock Conference.

His first appointment was to White Oak Circuit, which he had already supplied some four months before Conference, and where a wonderful revival, due to the fervent and eloquent preaching of the beardless boy, was already prevailing, which continued all the next year. White Oak Circuit extended along the Saline River, from Jenkins' Ferry to Mt. Elba. A number of boys were converted during that meeting who became the strength of the Church in after years, several of them preachers, such as J. E. Caldwell, J. R. Harvey, and others.

He discontinued in 1852 and attended school a year, was re-admitted in 1853 with that remarkable class of which three are members of the Little Rock Conference to-day, after the lapse of fifty-seven years. In 1853 he was sent to Pine Bluff Circuit with L. A. Marshall, but changed to Plum Bayou, where he had a great work. He recalls that he was paid fifteen dollars the first year on White Oak, sixty dollars the second year, and thirty dollars on Plum Bayou.

In 1854 he was sent to Hamburg, in 1855 to Pine Bluff Cir-

cuit, in 1856 to Little Rock, being twenty-one years of age; in 1857 to Pine Bluff Station; in 1858 to Princeton Circuit with C. O. Steele. That was a year of great prosperity. And in 1859 he was sent to Lake Village.

In 1860 he located. This was a mistake. The mistake was not wholly his. If those who were influential in the Conference and in the connection had been wise and true, it might have been different. Withers was a born orator. He used to remind me of Bishop Marvin. In stature, in poise in the pulpit, in voice, in mastery of English, in deep spiritual fervor combined with a lofty sweep of imagination, they seemed to me alike. The people who heard him were charmed. The more cultivated were especially captivated with preaching that it was worth while to hear. He was a genius. Without scholarship, he was more than peer of those who came from the colleges; and he was in easy touch—*en rapport*—with people in every condition of life. He was a genius. Genius is almost always coupled with faults. No doubt he had faults. His success provoked envy. He was sensitive and conscious of his superior qualities. He was young—twenty-five years of age. He ought to have been managed, guided, controlled, and kept in the harness, to the great advantage of the Church. When a man drops out he can never regain his place. He went to the army, he studied and practiced law, became a circuit judge, went into politics, rubbed up against the dirty world. He had a rough and stormy experience those ten years. Would that it had been otherwise! Some one failed in duty, or it would have been otherwise.

In 1870 he was readmitted into the traveling connection by the Arkansas Conference and stationed at Ozark, where he had resided several years during his local ministry. In 1871 he was presiding elder on the Van Buren District; in 1872 he was stationed in Clarksville; in 1873 supernumerary at Clarksville. From that time on he was either on the supernumerary list or the superannuate, for nine years, except one year, stationed at Roseville.

In 1881 he received a transfer to the Little Rock Conference

and was stationed at Arkansas City, then two years at Hope, and four at Hot Springs, and two at Hamburg. In 1892 he was placed permanently on the superannuated roll.

He had become totally deaf. Before 1870 his hearing became defective, and every year the trouble increased, until he was so much disqualified for pastoral work or for presiding in Conference or other meetings where he must hear, that he retired to the supernumerary or superannuated list. By the use of ear-trumpets or other artificial helps he managed to get along at Hope and Hot Springs, and the excellency of his pulpit work made people very tolerant of lack anywhere else. But absolute deafness came at last, and supernumeration, with that isolation and sense of helplessness that crush the aged deaf.

Along about 1870 Arkansas was wholly and apparently hopelessly in the clutches of the whisky devil. The politicians and office-holders, large and small, were nearly all under its control and did not hesitate to snub and insult anybody who objected. In fact the preachers and good long-suffering women were all who dared to protest. The condition was alarming. When Dr. Withers became non-effective and without pastoral charge, he inaugurated a fight on the saloons. He lectured throughout the State, aroused sentiment, edited a temperance periodical, organized the forces for perpetual war, and brought about through his influence with leading men the beginning of anti-whisky legislation, that has gone on and is going on to the complete deliverance of the State from the saloon.

He initiated the fight. His trumpet sounded a blast that reverberated from the Boston Mountains to the Ashley Plains. There were many who wished him success, but few saw hope. He went into it hope or no hope, sink or swim, live or die. He had a hard fight, received many blows, was scarred and maimed. His deafness constrained him to pass the banner into other hands. The fight goes on without him now. He is forgotten, but the work abides.

(Dr. Withers died at the home of his daughter and son-in-law, Rev. H. W. Brooks, with these words on his lips, "God is at the helm; let His will be done.")

CHAPTER XLIII.

W. H. WHEELER.

WILLIAM HENRY WHEELER was born in Knoxville, Tenn., December 23, 1833. In 1848 he settled in Bradley County, Ark. Here he married Miss Amelia C. Ederington, of Lamark, December 14, 1865. Soon after he engaged in the mercantile business in Warren, which was conducted for many years. He enjoyed the reputation for fair dealing, which brought him large trade from all parts of the county, was exceedingly prosperous, became the largest land owner in the county, and very wealthy.

His home was in Warren until his death, April 23, 1892. His widow and one son, John N. Wheeler, survive him and still reside in Warren. He represented Bradley County in the Legislature of 1878-9, one of the most important sessions ever held. The insane asylum was provided for and the beginning made of the splendid legislation in restriction of the liquor traffic, which has gone on, step by step, leading the State with little friction to the verge of full prohibition. The goal soon will be reached.

He became a member of the Methodist Church in 1867. He was in mature manhood, and with deliberation gave himself to Christ and the Church. He was at once placed in official position; though very modest and unobtrusive, he did faithfully the work committed to him to do, and was steward, trustee, and Sunday school superintendent, one or all, on and on until his course on earth was ended.

He was, of course, often member of District and Annual Conference, and in 1878 delegate to the General Conference at Atlanta.

He was devoutly religious, the friend of the preachers and the friend of the poor, and lived and died without reproach.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HUGH BRADLEY.

THERE was a Captain Hugh Bradley who settled in Arkansas before it was a State or even a Territory. He had a slave named Warren, whom he called his bodyguard. The county was named Bradley in honor of the captain; the county site, Warren, in honor of the servant. So is the tradition.

Hugh Bradley, son of Captain Hugh Bradley, was born October 31, 1832, in Bradley County, Ark., in the neighborhood where he spent his whole life. He died in Warren, December 3, 1907.

He married Miss Amanda V. Blankenship, one of those women whose price is far above rubies. To them was born one daughter, Mrs. B. W. Martin, who survives her parents and lives in Warren.

He was a faithful soldier in the Confederate Army. He was sheriff of his county for a long number of years, a citizen honored and trusted by all. He was a Methodist from his youth, a liberal supporter of all the institutions of the Church, the preachers' friend and safe adviser, faithful in attendance on all public worship, always on the Official Board, never noisy or officious, always efficient and faithful.

As I write of these good men, memory calls up a troop of noble men and women companions and fellow-worshippers with these, thirty-five years ago: Judge Sorrells, John Ederington, Bailey, Koonce, Word, Blankenship, Price, Sutton, and others—sterling men, noble Christians, loyal to State and Church, to God and to each other. Nearly all are gone now. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

CHAPTER XLV.

REV. R. C. ATCHLEY.

ROBERT C. ATCHLEY, son of Seth and Elizabeth Atchley, was born in Grant County, Ark., September 26, 1839. He was received into the Church in 1852, under the ministry of H. R. Withers, and was licensed to preach in 1858. He was admitted on trial in the Ouachita Conference the same year and appointed to the Lehi Circuit. He discontinued in 1859, to attend school. In 1860 he was admitted again, and appointed to Salem, in 1861 to Red Fork, in 1862 to Center Point, and in 1864 to Ronde. Here his health failed, and in 1865 he asked and received a location.

By advice of his physicians he removed to Washington County. His health was restored, and in 1870 he was readmitted by the Arkansas Conference and stationed at Maysville. He remained in the Arkansas Conference six years, serving Maysville, Carrollton, Evansville, Viney Grove, and Yellville; and in 1876 was transferred to the Little Rock Conference and appointed to Princeton, which he served four years. In 1880 he was sent to Tulip, in 1881 to Princeton, in 1882 to Arkadelphia, in 1883-4 Tulip again, in 1885 Malvern Circuit for three years. In 1888 he was superannuated. After two years he was effective and served College Hill one year and Liberty one year.

Brother Atchley as a young preacher was of unusual promise. He developed into a fine preacher and a useful pastor. His health was uncertain, and he was soon embarrassed with a very large family. An affection of the throat occasioned such loss of vocal power that he had to superannuate when he should have been in his prime. He was constrained to be still and see the procession pass. He enjoys the respect and love of the people of his own charges and of the community in which he lives, but I feel that he never came fully into his own. May his years be many and peaceful.

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CHAPTER XLVI.

DR. A. BIGGS AND OTHERS OF THE BIGGS FAMILY.

AMARIAH BIGGS was born in North Carolina, December 10, 1802. He moved West when young, studied medicine (the Eclectic or Thompsonian system), graduating in a medical college at Memphis, and subsequently also in Cincinnati, receiving a degree from each. He was also professor and lecturer in the college at Memphis one or two years. He practiced medicine all his life, with repute and success. I think he published a volume on "Fever" before the war—crude enough, no doubt, as any work on therapeutics written then would be esteemed now. He taught an Indian school at Ft. Towson before the war. I do not know whether it was a Government or a Church school, and he came then from the Territory of Arkansas in the latter fifties, settling at Center Point. He lived there and at Amity during the war, too old to take part in the conflict, with a large family on his hands, sending his sons to the field while he ministered to the poor, curing their sickness, sharing their hardships, and pointing them the way to heaven. After the war he bought a large farm in the southwest corner of Pike, where he lived some twenty years, and where he died in 1889.

He was licensed to preach when quite a young man, and for more than sixty years was a Methodist local preacher. I think Bishop Pierce regarded him as the ablest local preacher in the connection. He was pre-eminently a great preacher. All the preachers, traveling and local, in Southwest Arkansas cheerfully recognized his superiority, and they sat at his feet as gladly as Timothy at the feet of Paul. He was wise in counsel, tactful and helpful with young preachers, who revered and loved him, unembarrassed and unabashed while they fairly exulted in his patriarchal oversight and advice. He visited their churches, helped

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in their meetings, helped them in trouble, stood by them if persecuted, and afforded them the protecting shelter of his weighty personality. He preached the gospel in the neglected neighborhoods around him, and the poor people who had no pastor found themselves cared for by the ablest preacher in all the land. The camp-meeting was considered a failure if Dr. Biggs was not there; but he was usually there. It was the great opportunity and occasion for him. He preached with wonderful simplicity and power the doctrine of the Divine Word. Sunday afternoon is usually a disorderly time at camp-meeting. Few men were willing to preach at three o'clock. Dr. Biggs sought the privilege of always occupying that hour. He held the restless crowds in rapt attention and swept them on into a full tide of spiritual fervor, until the woods echoed with the songs and shouts of rejoicing saints. He was often employed by the presiding elder to fill a vacant charge, and was always ready to do what he could. When he was eighty years of age he was assigned to the Missouri Mission. He bought him new saddle-bags, mounted his horse, and, eager as a boy, traversed the mountain paths of that difficult field, doing full and satisfactory work.

He married in early life. This wife, with her five children, have all passed away. One son of hers—Dr. John H. Biggs—was a famous polemic. He lived in a section where most of the people were Campbellites. They always wanted to dispute and argue. He, though a layman, determined to gratify them to the full. He studied the Bible closely. When a man wanted to argue he made him sit down on a log or a rock and argued with him till the sun went down, and invited him to come again. He kept it up with every man that bothered him. He was too much for them. They sent for their preachers, one after another; then insisted on public discussion. He assented, and vanquished every champion they brought from near and far, until they acknowledged his superiority and left him the field. While he did this he enjoyed their warmest friendship.

The second wife of Dr. Biggs was Miss Mary A. Wells, whom he married in Tennessee in 1836. She was the mother

of seven children—three sons and four daughters; all but one still living, the fathers and mothers of large families of their own now. The three sons are itinerant Methodist preachers. They all began their ministry in the Little Rock Conference, but afterwards transferred to Texas. William H. H. Biggs was admitted on trial by the Little Rock Conference in 1868, transferred to Texas Conference in 1874, now a member of the West Texas Conference. A. Curtis Biggs was admitted on trial by the Little Rock Conference in 1873, transferred to West Texas Conference in 1879, now a member of the Northwest Texas Conference. Josephus A. Biggs was admitted on trial to the Little Rock Conference in 1877, and is now a member of the Northwest Texas Conference. The two first named have been presiding elders and also delegates to the General Conference. They are all men of distinction, ability, and usefulness. The daughters have been equally worthy in their sphere. The home of their father was a house of prayer. The children are great and the lands are blessed.

When he was about eighty-six years of age he became afflicted with Bright's disease. He often suffered intensely for two or three years; shut in from the world and tortured with pain, he had wonderful fellowship with God. His spiritual vitality and religious joy abounded despite his pain. Heaven filled his soul. Over and over he answered the inquiries of friends and children, saying, "I suffer greatly, but yet I am so happy that I scarce can tell whether I am in or out of the body."

That Dr. Millar was a prime factor in shaping and developing Hendrix College everybody knows. Such influence is usually reflex, and Hendrix College did much to shape and develop Dr. Millar. He made men of his students; the process made a man of him.

After his resignation he accepted a chair in Central College, but two years later returned to Arkansas and became joint publisher and editor of the *Arkansas* or *Western Methodist* until 1910, when he was again called to the presidency of Hendrix College. This is pre-eminently his work. May he have greater success in the future than in the past! Not easy, if we consider this list of the graduates while he was there: Hawley, Millar, Reynolds, Stonewall Anderson, Cline, Hutchinson, Hammond, Owens, Saunders. These are just a sample from the past. May their preceptor impress himself as successfully and live in the hearts and lives of a multitude of youth who shall be leaders of men in the days to come!

Dr. Millar was licensed to preach in 1885, admitted on trial by the Missouri Conference in 1886, and transferred to the Arkansas Conference in 1889. In the fall of 1897 he was presiding elder on the Morrilton District. While professor in Central College he was pastor in charge one year on Higbee Circuit. He was transferred to the Little Rock Conference in 1904. In 1906, '07, '08, and '09 his appointment was Little Rock District. He was a member of the General Board of Education four years. He is the author of a book, "Twentieth Century Educational Problems;" also of short poems of surprisingly great merit.

In 1887 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Harwood. They have three children rapidly growing up, of whom they and their friends expect great things.

CHAPTER XLVII.

DR. A. C. MILLAR.

ALEXANDER COPELAND MILLAR was born in McKeesport, Pa., May 17, 1859. He was of Scotch-Irish ancestry, son of W. J. Millar, who was born in Baltimore, a sturdy, active, intelligent man of affairs, pushing and successful in various businesses until the war broke up his plans and brought disaster upon his affairs, after which he settled in Lynn County, Mo., and engaged in farming. Dr. Millar began well by selecting or, at any rate, possessing a splendid parentage. They were Presbyterians and Christians of splendid, uncompromising faith and morals. They still live and truly deserve length of days, such as is the fruit of godly wisdom.

As a boy he was a farm hand, doing hard work in the field and attending the county school. When he was eighteen he found his way to Central College, sent by his wise Presbyterian father. There he was converted and educated, received into the Methodist Church, and at the end of four years obtained the degree of B. A., in later years also the M. A. degree from the same college. During his college days he had taken a year or two off and taught school, and also found a wife, marrying before his graduation.

Bishop Hendrix was president of the college, took an interest in the young man, and secured for him a situation as teacher in Texas. A few years later he was called to take a place in the Collegiate Institute of Neosho, Mo., and after a year or two was chosen president of the Central Collegiate Institute at Altus, which the Methodists of Arkansas were proposing to develop into a college of high grade. This was later organized into Hendrix College and removed to Conway, Ark., in 1890. Millar continued as president until 1902, when he resigned, to the grief of all concerned.

troubled times of war and reconstruction by T. W. Hayes, his accomplished wife, and in the later years by his daughters.

Brother Hayes by no means neglected his calling as a preacher. He often supplied vacant charges and, being an excellent preacher, occupied the pulpit on vacant Sundays and helped out preachers in time of need with much ability and success.

As a citizen he has taken intelligent interest in all public questions. Two or three times he represented his county in the Legislature, and in that body was highly esteemed for his wisdom and probity. Men of all parties looked to him for counsel on all the graver questions and relied much upon his judgment.

They had many children. Three sons and five daughters are living. Their character and standing in their several circles are such as reflect honor upon the father and mother who educated and trained them. All the daughters made successful teachers, much in demand.

Sister Hayes died in 1900, lamented by missionary and temperance workers, by her Sunday school pupils, by a host of ladies whose character she had helped to form in her many years in the school room, by many preachers who had found in her a mother and friend, by her own children, whom she had prepared for a happy and useful life, and chiefly by the sorely bereft husband, who has felt so lone and lost these ten years of widowhood. He lives among his children revered and loved.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

REV. T. W. HAYES.

THOMAS W. HAYES was born in Clark County, Ga., January 27, 1832. He was carefully educated, attended Emory and Henry College, from which he received the A. B. degree, and in due course of time the degree of A. M.

He was married June 21, 1857, to Miss Ellen A. Holmes, of Randolph County, Ga. He received license to preach soon after, and was admitted on trial by the Georgia Conference the same year, 1857. He served Hawkinsville, Ft. Gaines, and Vienna, and in 1860 was transferred to the Ouachita Conference and appointed to Center Point Circuit. However, another preacher had been appointed to the work, the bishop holding the Ouachita Conference having no advice of the transfer. So he and his accomplished wife opened a school, the Center Point Male and Female Academy. Good teachers were much in demand, and the Church, recognizing the need, frequently took schools under Conference care and authorized the bishop to appoint some one of the teachers to take charge of such schools.

A school having the indorsement of the Church, with a principal who was an ordained preacher appointed by the bishop, was much desired in many towns in those days. So Brother Hayes was continued in this school until after the war, then had charge of Mineral Springs Academy several years, and then taught in Prescott, obtaining a location in 1878, that he might continue in school work.

The value of these private schools, as well as the excellency of their work, has already been referred to; and in the citizenship of Southwest Arkansas there are a number of first-class men and women, leaders in the Church, fathers and mothers in Israel, foremost in the walks of civic life, who were educated during the

While in the latter school busy in preparing himself for the legal profession, he was converted and brought into the Church. Immediately he felt called to preach the gospel. Convinced in his secret soul he did not hesitate or delay. He was licensed to preach, and in October, 1857, admitted on trial by the Tennessee Conference, and sent as junior preacher to Mill Creek Circuit, near Nashville. In 1858 he was sent to Baldwin Circuit, in North Alabama; in 1859 to Chickasaw Circuit; 1860, transferred to the Ouachita (Little Rock) Conference and stationed at Des Arc.

In 1861 he was appointed to the Plumb Bayou Circuit, which he served two years; in 1863 to Louisville; and 1864 missionary to the Confederate army, assigned to duty with Clark's brigade of Missouri infantry. In 1865 he was sent to Bayou Meto Circuit; in 1866-7 to Moscow; in 1868 to Falcon; in 1869-70 to Center Point; in 1871-2 to Hamburg; in 1873-4-5-6 to Warren; in 1877-8 to Mineral Springs. How briefly this is written! What labors, what hardships, what joys and sorrows, what conflicts and triumphs, what friendships and fellowships in these twenty years! The Methodist preacher can guess. Other people can not.

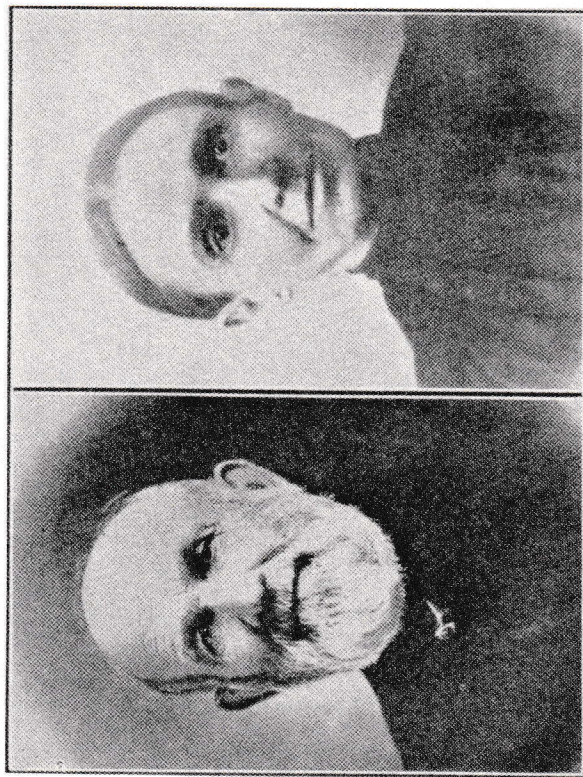
In 1879 he was made presiding elder of the Monticello District, which he served four years; in 1883 he was sent to Arkadelphia District, serving it four years; then Monticello District another four years; then Arkadelphia another four years. Even the presiding elders to-day can hardly appreciate the hard work of those sixteen years. The travel was on horseback or in buggy. There was everything to be done in organizing and building up the Church, and besides the care of all the Churches the care of a large family. In 1894 his appointment was to Stephens; in 1895-6-7 Gurdon; 1898-9 Nashville; in 1900-1-2 Washington; 1903-4 Junction City; 1905-6 Lockesburg. In 1907 he was granted a superannuated relation, having completed fifty years of effective itinerant work, a ministry diligent, faithful, active, devoted, fruitful.

In 1868 he was married to Miss Sue A. Ward, whose life of service was in every sense of the word a blessing to him and to the Church. She was born in Hardin County, Ky., June 11, 1842.

CHAPTER XLIX.

REV. H. D. MCKINNON AND WIFE.

HENRY D. MCKINNON was born in Southern Georgia, December 15, 1835. He was of honorable parentage, his father and



REV. H. D. MCKINNON AND WIFE.

mother of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock, who had become Methodists because no Presbyterian Church was near their home. They were careful to educate their children. Henry attended Fletcher's Institute at Thomasville, Georgia, and afterwards was sent to Garrack Academy in Winchester, Tenn.

Her grandfather, James Ward, was a Methodist preacher, member of the Western Conference in pioneer days; her father, J. G. Ward, was a Methodist preacher, laboring in Kentucky and Tennessee, transferred to the Ouachita Conference in 1860. He had been teacher as well as preacher, making a specialty of preparing boys for college. He gave special care to the education of his girls. Sue graduated in the Clarksville Female Seminary, under Dr. Hamilton, and was herself a successful teacher.

When she married, teaching school was abandoned. Her experience enabled her to understand what to expect as an itinerant preacher's wife, and she devoted herself wholly to the work. Children came rapidly, and rarely ever was there a more devoted, self-denying mother. She loved the beautiful, and especially delighted in flowers. So flowers abounded about this parsonage through her busy care. There was always a smile on her face, there was grace with cheerful tenderness in her voice, while with noiseless step and busy hand she was always ministering kindness to neighbors or strangers, but chiefly to husband and children, ever forgetful of herself serving others.

In 1875, Brother McKinnon being stationed in Warren, Sister McKinnon with Miss Emma Van Valkenberg, afterwards Mrs. J. P. Holmes, assisted by Brother McKinnon, organized a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at Warren. This society undertook from the first to raise fifty dollars annually to educate a girl in Mrs. Lambuth's school in China. Dr. Haygood, when he learned what they were doing, said, "There is nothing like it in the whole Church." It was indeed the pioneer in woman's organized work for missions in the South. In 1878 the General Conference authorized a general Woman's Missionary Society, and when the Little Rock Conference met in November, the society for the Little Rock Conference was organized in a meeting over which Brother McKinnon presided. Mrs. McKinnon was selected first president.

During the sixteen years that her husband was engaged in district work, it fell to Sister McKinnon's lot to take care of the family. The house was full of children—seven or eight in all. For them she lived and labored, training their morals, preparing

them for school and college—all the girls had college training—yet never neglecting her Church work, and making glad the sick, the stranger, the indigent by her thoughtful ministrations. She was an ideal preacher's wife, and her children called her blessed among women. She died in Nashville, Ark., September, 1900. The value of such a life to the world has no standard of earthly measurement.

While presiding elder Brother McKinnon had a district parsonage provided for each district—the first in the State, and at that time there were few if any in the connection. He sold more books for our publishing house than any man in the ministry who was not a colporteur. He was active in building up schools, and fostering an educational sentiment in the Church. He was active and judicious in temperance work. He admired manhood and detested sham. He often said, "A preacher should be first a man, and then a preacher."

The children who grew up in this home of faith and prayer are themselves worthy of all praise. Brother McKinnon is resting at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Morton, at San Antonio, Texas, awaiting the call to the heavenly reward.

S. Allen was preacher in charge. He received his appointment evidently in 1838. There followed him most likely in annual succession Samuel Clark, E. B. Duncan, S. W. Moreland, J. C. Kolbe, M. Taylor, J. J. Cownt, T. G. T. Steel, A. Turrentine, L. C. Adams, William Mulkey, Samuel Morris, James Rice, A. L. P. Green, J. H. Blakely, B. C. Weir, J. W. McGarland, A. Biggs, William Winburn, Moses Hill, R. C. Atchley, J. P. Holmes, J. G. Ward, and T. W. Hayes, who were appointed in 1867. Twenty-three preachers in thirty years. Of these only Atchley and Hayes survive.

The presiding elders during the same period were: R. Gregory, J. Custer, William Moores, A. Avery, T. E. Garrett, L. S. Marshall, J. C. L. Aiken, J. M. Bradley, J. H. Blakely, John Pryor, and A. B. Winfield. All have passed to their reward.

W. D. Lee, of Center Point, gives me some valuable items, and from his paper I cull the following interesting facts: Center Point has been the home of many distinguished men in Methodism. Rev. John Henry, a local preacher who preached the first sermon in the Territory of Arkansas, familiarly known in later years as "Father Henry," resided near the town for many years, and died here September 17, 1872. He was in his ninety-third year. He sleeps in the cemetery at this place. Arkansas Methodism should place a fitting monument there in its centennial year. Jacob Custer, one of the pioneer preachers of Arkansas, located in 1846, settled near Center Point and practiced medicine—a great doctor and a great preacher. Abe Mulkey, the Texas evangelist, was born here. His father, Rev. William Mulkey, having located, resided here for several years, engaged in farming. The Mulkey field north of town, which he carved from the primeval forest, witnesses his energy and prowess. He was a noted character in his day. Rev. J. W. Hill, the late distinguished preacher of the Arkansas Conference, and his brother, Rev. Moses B. Hill, late missionary to China, were reared here. Their father, Rev. Moses Hill, able preacher, a leader in Masonry, was also an architect and builder, and some of the best and most conspicuous buildings in the town are monuments of his skill. An important factor in the moral and in-

CHAPTER L.

CENTER POINT CIRCUIT, CENTER CAMP GROUND, AND BETHEL CAMP GROUND.

On the twenty-third day of February, 1839, at Props Chapel, on Blue Bayou, where the town of Center Point, Ark., now stands, the first Quarterly Conference of Sevier Mission, Fort Towson District, Arkansas Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, was organized; Robert Gregory, presiding elder, in the chair; Lewis Props, secretary. Members present, S. Allen, presiding chairman; John H. Props, local preacher; Archelaus Turrentine, local preacher; John H. Carr, local preacher; Samuel Mackalee, local preacher; Lewis Props, local preacher; and Robert Hoover, class leader. Stewards were elected as follows: James Henry, Benjamin G. Hartsfield, Ben Kimbel, J. H. Carr, and L. C. Props. The circuit embraced all of what is now Howard and Sevier Counties, with parts of Hempstead, Pike, and the Choctaw Nation west to Fort Towson. The several appointments were: Walnut Prairie, Rolling Fork, De Kalb, Ebenezer, Mine Creek, Carr's Chapel, Patterson's, Holly Creek, Clear Creek, Bushy Fork, Hoover's, Red Colony, Holbrook's, Buck Range, Blacklands, Blue Bayou, Center, Rocky Comfort, Piney Grove, Pump Springs, Para Clifta, West Hempstead, and Gaines Prairie—twenty-three in all, quite enough to constitute a new mission, fifty miles one way by one hundred miles the other way. Two stations and eight circuits occupy the territory now. It was called Sevier Mission or Circuit until 1841, then Blue Bayou Circuit up to 1858, when the name was changed to Center Point. The district at that time seems to have been called Fort Towson. Washington District was organized three years later in 1842, embracing all this territory. It is now included partly in Prescott District, partly in Texarkana District.

tellectual development of the country was the Center Point Male and Female Academy, conducted by Rev. T. W. Hayes, as principal. The good accomplished by that institution will be revealed at the great assize. Dr. A. Biggs resided and practiced medicine here some years, rearing a family of great preachers. Rev. C. P. Turrentine, having a mind like a sunbeam, and Louis Props, the ablest man in prayer in all the country. These are a few of a great number worthy of mention, noble men of rugged, stalwart character, successful in various fields of endeavor, whose rectitude and spiritual power were the life and power of the Church in the early days of Southwest Arkansas. Their children and children's children are to-day the exponents of the principles taught by them, and the entire country is the beneficiary of the salutary influence of their godly lives. Their names are written in heaven.

A historic sketch of Center Point Circuit would be incomplete without mention of the camp grounds and annual camp meetings. The camp ground two and a half miles north of Center Point, known as Ebenezer Camp Ground, is an ancient institution. Just when it was first established no living man knows. An old Quarterly Conference record shows that the Fourth Quarterly Conference for Sevier Circuit was held there October 5, 1839. This was more than seventy years ago, and within about twenty years of the first Methodist preaching in the bounds of this State. It must have been established in the first decade of Methodist history. The oldest men living and native in that part of the country remember attending camp meeting there with their parents in their infancy, but have no knowledge of the time when the custom began. It is a wonderfully beautiful grove, adjacent to a magnificent spring. During the war it was used as a camping place by soldiers, and was burned down, but was rebuilt in 1870. Except a few years' interval occasioned by the war, it is likely that there has been an annual camp meeting there for seventy-five years.

Among the pioneer campers at this place were the Henrys, Mulkeys, Kinsworthys, Carrs, Propses, Coulters, Hugheses, Robinsons, Cannons, Stanleys; and a few years later, I. P. Latimer, Jesse

W. Talbet, Jesse A. Falls, Jacob Custer, James Clardy, Wiley McGuire, A. J. Arnold, Aaron Shannon, W. R. Woodruff, J. A. Hughes, R. M. Beam, J. O. Forgey, Daniel Turrentine, and others. The present campers are: Burrill Gardner, R. P. Chambers, A. J. Forgey, Daniel Williams, Robert Props, John, A. J., J. M., G. G., and E. E. Hughes, J. F. and B. H. Graves, and others. Many of the ablest preachers of the Church have visited and participated in these meetings, and their ministrations were appreciated and remembered by a grateful people.

There is another camp ground—now embraced in another circuit—twenty-five miles north of Center Point, called Bethel, originally called Saline Camp Ground. It was established sixty years ago. Nichols Hunter was its founder. He with Lemuel Wakelee, John Chapman, William Ralls, and Nathaniel Rall encamped at the beginning. In later years the Burges, Faulkners, Forgeys, Seals, and Chambers families joined the descendants of the founders and continued the annual October meetings. Rev. B. G. Johnson, of precious memory, and Dr. A. Biggs were regular attendants at this encampment. They enjoyed the old-time revival method and the wonderful displays of divine power manifested at these meetings. The fervent prayers, the song, the shouts, thrilling narratives of experience, pointed exhortation, and great preaching, signalized this forest worship. God has record of the souls saved on these camp grounds.

These camp meetings are conducted still, with the old-time simplicity. The rich and the poor meet together, and no man can distinguish the one from the other. They are epochs in the life of the community, looked forward to with pleasant anticipation of great spiritual harvesting, an ingathering of souls, and the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ. And in addition to the spiritual feast anticipated and realized, they are grand occasions of social communion and fellowship. They are home-comings, reunions, when scattered families and friends return to the sacred spot where years ago they found the peace which passeth understanding, to participate in and enjoy another camp meeting. They are glad to

look into the faces of loved ones, unseen for years, and enjoy the fellowship of friends of old, and amid kindred and friends relate their Christian experience, tell of their trials and difficulties, and the wonderful goodness of God through it all, rejoicing together in hope of a glory that shall be revealed, and the fellowship to come, which shall never be disturbed.

CHAPTER LI.

MRS. LOU A. HOTCHKISS.

Mrs. Lou A. Hotchkiss was born in Georgetown, S. C., in 1835. Her father, Rev. David J. Allen, was at that time a member of the South Carolina Conference. He located the next year after the birth of his daughter, and moved to West Tennessee, but four years later was readmitted by the Memphis Conference, in connection with which he died in 1868. He was a scholarly man, a fine preacher, twice a member of the General Conference.

As an itinerant's daughter she has pleasant memories of their sojourn in Denmark, Brownsville, Bolivar, Paducah, and Memphis. She was educated at Franklin Fe-



MRS. LOU A. HOTCHKISS.

male College, at Holly Springs, Miss., of which her father was president. In 1867 her father was supernumerary, with the Central Church in Memphis. E. B. Hotchkiss, the Sunday school superintendent and leader of the choir, wooed and won the preacher's daughter, the fair and popular teacher of the Bible Class, and they were married. In 1870 they came to Little Rock, and in 1873 to Hot Springs, where they have since resided.

Hot Springs, at that time, was a small and struggling town,

all the real estate involved in law suits. The Methodist Church was even smaller in proportion, without a house of worship, and scarcely more than an unpromising mission field. Great changes have taken place in these thirty-seven years. Brother and Sister Hotchkiss have stood faithful through every storm, always true and diligent, rearing their children for God and the Church, loyal to the preacher, constant attendants on the means of grace, reliable contributors to every work of the Church, undaunted amid tempest and strife, sharers in every burden, rejoicing in every triumph.

In 1878 the Little Rock Conference Woman's Missionary Society was organized during the session of the Conference at Hot Springs. Four organized auxiliaries were reported—Warren, Prescott, Mineral Springs, and Pine Bluff. Mrs. Sue A. McKinnon was elected president; Miss Hudson, recording secretary; Miss Emma E. Van Valkenburg, corresponding secretary; and Mrs. M. J. McAlmont, treasurer. Mrs. Hotchkiss was there at the birth, and since then her life has been interwoven with the work of this society. In 1889 she enterprised a missionary monthly, *Send Me*, for the Conference Missionary Society, which she conducted three years—a sparkling little magazine, luminous, and all aquiver with light and love.

In 1883 she was elected president of the society. She magnified the office. No preacher was ever more consecrated to his work than she has been ever since. All her cares and studies were turned this way. She traveled widely, and organized the work in every quarter. She diffused faith, courage, joy, zeal by her own unflagging confidence, and the inspiration of her leadership was wonderful. There came back to her the joy of fellowship, the joy of success, the joy in the trophies won for Christ. In 1907, yielding to increasing infirmities of the flesh, she retired, and Mrs. James Thomas was chosen president. They complimented the retiring president by electing her honorary president for life. She is prouder of this than she would be to be Queen of England. Eminently useful has she been. Eminently happy has she been. Surely to be good is to be happy.

She writes: "In our happy home at Hot Springs we are growing

older year by year; but sure to the promise we have light in the evening time. With our children all about us, save two dear ones gone before, with friends tried and true, with the gospel preached to our joy and comfort, and the hope of heaven right before us, we feel that God having given His precious Son for our redemption, hath with Him given every good we could desire." "It would seem that such continued grace would turn backward to some bright particular spot where I got religion. But it has been my great regret that I could not recall exact date and place of my conversion. When I have heard experiences of the very moment and place, a great fear has sometimes seized me, till remembrance of time out of number, when the Holy Spirit has turned away the shadows and filled my soul with ineffable joy, has made me to know as certainly as Job that my Redeemer liveth. I am the Lord's, and He is mine; let all that is within me bless His holy name!"

(Since the writing of the above Brother Hotchkiss has gone to the home of all good, and there awaits the home-coming of his ever sunny-faced and happy-spirited companion.)

ment, and he says, "That was not so remarkable, but for the fact that no other child in the community knew the alphabet at that age." Yet with this mental eagerness, quickness, and ability he was not to have any encouragement or help except that of a "country school of the poorest character" until after he was twenty-one.

At that age he went to Missouri, without means or letters of introduction, to make his way in a new country and among strangers. He drew to himself friends, taught a country school awhile, and attended the last session of the Howard High School in Fayette, presided over then by Prof. Carr W. Prichett. In that year (1857) Central College was organized, but young Riggins did not have the means to enter college, so continued to teach until the outbreak of the Civil War.

He has been a student all his life. He has mastered higher mathematics and has a good working knowledge of Latin and Greek. No man among us has better intellectual furnishings.

His religious life began early. He distinctly remembers the reception of his parents into the Methodist Church in his fifth year, as well as the baptism of himself and three younger brothers at the same service. He says, "Thus was the family altar established, and this was henceforth a pronounced Christian home." He was licensed to preach in June, 1860, in Glasgow, Mo. He proposed entering the itinerancy in 1861, but the war was on, and he enlisted in the Confederate army. At first he was with the State guard under General Price, and was at the siege of Lexington. In January, 1862, he entered the first brigade, commanded by General Little. He was with this brigade at Elk Horn, Iuka, and Corinth.

But he was called to preach, and the din of war did not hush nor drown the call. In the camps young Riggins felt the divine impatience to be about his work. He was called to preach, he had been licensed to preach, and he must be about his work. So in 1863, with the advice and help of his friends, he applied for and secured a position as chaplain. He says that this is the only time in his life that he asked for an appointment. He was assigned to

CHAPTER LII.

JOHN H. RIGGIN, D. D.

By W. P. WHALEY.

ONE of the most familiar names in the roster of Arkansas Methodism during the past forty-five years is that of Rev. John H. Riggins. The name is

frequent in the Minutes of every session of the Little Rock Conference in that time. His contributions to the Church papers have made his name a household word throughout the State. His long connection with the Church, and his high responsible positions in it, have given him a good name and a deserved place throughout Southern Methodism. His vigorous defense of Methodist doctrine and polity in the pulpit, in debate, in the papers, and in pamphlets has made him well-known and respected among the leaders



REV. J. H. RIGGIN, D. D.

of other Churches. His parents were George W. and Martha Riggins, and he was born October 7, 1834, in Pittsville, Md. He was born hungry to know; and it is well for him that he was, for he was to have almost no school advantages, and that insatiable hunger for knowledge was to urge him on to self-education. Before he was five years old he had read through the New Testa-

duty in the N. W. Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry, commanded by W. W. Reynolds, and with these he served to the end of the war. He shared the fortunes of his company at Port Gibson, Champion Hills, Big Black, and Vicksburg. Then followed the surrender of the regiment, the parole, and in the fall the reorganization in parole camps near Washington, Ark. Half the regiment, mounted, were sent across the Sate to the Mississippi River to receive arms. Young Riggins went with the boys, riding across the swamps in the bitterest weather of the winter to Gaines' landing and return. Each man brought out three muskets. On this trip the young chaplain won all hearts, and from that time every man in his regiment was his friend. They heard him preach, great revivals followed, gambling and profanity gave way, tent prayer-meetings were established, and a Sunday school was organized. The chaplain supplied every man in the regiment with a New Testament. They gathered text-books from whatever source they could, and the young chaplain, ever a teacher, and fond of teaching, instructed the men in English grammar and mathematics.

The regiment surrendered at Marshall, Texas, 1865, and Riggins accompanied a remnant back to Arkansas. They passed through Rondo, near the site now occupied by Texarkana. Calling to pay his respects to the Methodist preacher, he found him just recovering from typhoid fever and abandoning the work. Riggins met the presiding elder, John Pryor, and was appointed by him to supply Rondo and African Mission.

The "Wachita" Conference (now the Little Rock) met in October of that year at El Dorado, and Riggins was admitted on trial, along with Samuel G. Colburn, Benjamin O. Davis, James Stencil, George E. Butler, and William C. Adams. He was appointed that year to Monticello Station. The forty-four years of his active ministry were without a single interruption, and in that time he served almost every kind of charge and rendered almost every kind of service. Six years he conducted schools, eight years he spent on circuits and missions, nine years he occupied important stations, and twenty-one years he served as presiding elder.

He was given to Arkansas by the fortunes of war, and was one

of the heroic men who gathered and reorganized and revitalized our broken Methodism in this Conference after the war. He wholly gave himself to the Little Rock Conference, and so far as we learned, never entertained a thought of going elsewhere or of undertaking any other work than that of a Methodist preacher. He was a member of the General Conference in St. Louis in 1890, in Memphis in 1894, and in Baltimore in 1898. Four years he was a member of the General Board of Missions. For more than twenty years he has been a member of the Board of Trustees of Hendrix College; and he glories in being one of the far-sighted and heroic band who founded that institution of learning and shaped its policy. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Hendrix College in 1889. He is the author of "The Origin of the Baptists," "Origin of Infant Baptism," and other booklets that have had a wide circulation.

Abundant and invaluable as his other services have been, it is as a preacher that Dr. Riggins is entitled to his greatest distinction. He has drawn all his thoughts and cares this way. He is mighty in the Scriptures. He has a marvelous fund of general information. God blessed him with a most reliable memory that places all needed facts at command. He has a logical mind that is quick to organize facts. His vocabulary is most chaste and expressive and sets his invincible arguments in business dress. He is not fanciful; but after searching awhile in the deep things, or patiently and surely climbing to the heights, the prophet's vision comes to him, and he sees beyond what is written. He is painstaking, sure, and calm in the foundations of his discourse, but is apt to be fervent when he brings forth the capstone. He has two voices as distinct as if they belonged to different men. The first voice he uses the first ten minutes of his discourse. It is a small voice, and reminds one of the vibrations of a rosined cord drawn around a post; yet it is not unpleasant. The second voice comes without a warning, and if one could not see he would declare another man had taken up the discourse. This second voice is wider, deeper, louder, and an octave below the first. In this bold and strong voice he speaks on to the conclusion.

His preaching is strong meat; and there is no greater feast to

thoughtful, spiritual, and substantial Methodists than a sermon from Dr. Riffin when he is in preaching mood. He has preached all over Southern Arkansas for forty-five years, to the delight and edification of thousands. He has long worn the honor of being the strongest preacher in our Conference. He took the superannuate relation in 1909, and now lives in Arkadelphia. His intellectual activity continues without lagging; and he is remarkably well preserved, physically, for a man of seventy-seven years.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE CANNON FAMILY.

BY W. F. EVANS.

MENTION has already been made of this family in an article written by Dr. Riffin, headed, "The Turrentine, Steel, and Cannon Families." It is the object of this paper to give a more detailed account of the mother left in widowhood, with her seven boys to provide for, educate, and train for home, citizenship, and eternity.

Mrs. Mary F. Cannon, wife of John Cannon, was left a widow July 11, 1879, with six boys. The seventh was born a few months later. The struggles of this good mother will not be revealed to mortal flesh. George, her oldest, was then in his eleventh year, James M. in his tenth, John L. in his eighth, Arch in his seventh, Thomas Edward in his fifth, Robert in his second, and John S. M. was born a few months after his father departed this life. Thus the struggles of this household began in an humble home about five miles southeast of Lockesburg, the county seat of Sevier County, Ark. The house was a log cabin, and the farm was small and poor. The mother was strong and vigorous, full of courage and faith. Her assets were physical strength, a stainless character, and unfaltering faith in God, and the little home mentioned, with seven boys. She set to work at once under the pledge of the Almighty to be a father to the fatherless and a judge for the widow. I am sure these promises were made personal with her. She realized that they could only be claimed under one condition—that of a clean life, all upon the altar of God. I can see her as she went about this work. Herself was first to be placed upon the altar, then the seven boys; then the little home and all that pertained to it went upon the altar, and with it a prayer ascended that reached the ear of God

and attracted the whole counsels of the skies. Thank God that these boys were never taken off the altar for a single Christmas eggnog, parlor dance, or card party. They stayed there, and still live there.

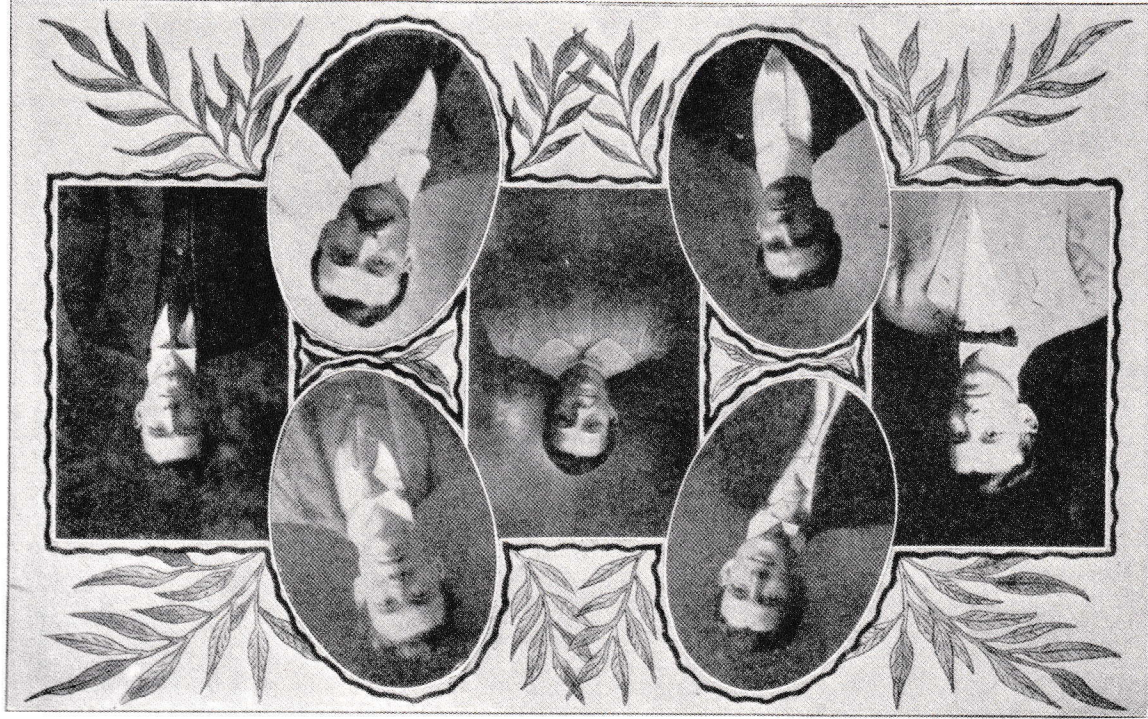
The boys grew and, like mule colts in the springtime, they were full of energy. It boiled over in the daytime, and at nightfall it still went out in great nuggets.

To harness this energy and control it for the support of the home and to make it a blessing to the community at large was no child's play. The good mother set to work at once, God-inspired, to plant this energy as seed corn and make it yield a rich harvest of manly character. She threw her life into the boys, and took the boys into her life. She was their confidant and they were hers. The mother took oversight of both the farm and home, and when the boys came home at night they were taught to lay their hands to mother's tasks, and thus the mother learned the farm work and the boys learned the house work, until all the work of the farm and house were alike familiar to mother and sons.

Innocent sports were a part of the avenues opened through which this energy escaped; but mother, too, was one of the boys in sports. Thus mother and sons wove the woof of a right influence and gave the background of seven manly men.

I am glad to mention another feature of this home. All time was not spent in work and play. Other things were of equal value to the work of life-fitting. A study circle was planned, and the plan was carried out. Each boy had to study. This called for books, papers, etc. Good books were provided, with the Church papers and such other literature as was sacred in character building. This wise mother knew that no character would ever rise above the literature studied, and that the goal of every life was its bound. No gander in the barnyard ever guarded the mother goose half so closely as this mother guarded the literature of this home. It had to be good or be burned.

One other sacred influence had to be brought into this home in order to make it a center of every sacred influence, and that



J. SHEPARD.

THOS. E.
GEO. N.THE
CANNON GROUPROBT. H.
JNO. L.

Jas. M.

was the family altar. This mother counted her boys worthy of the best, and the best she could provide for them was none too good for them. So the altar was established, and the family prayers were as regular at their hour as were the daily meals.

What, may I inquire, was the result of all this daily planning and work? First, every one of those boys became a hard worker; second, not one failed to become a close student; and third, every one became an earnest prayer and a devout Christian, who thinks that his best is none too good for mother, her Church, and the Lord.

All have become heads of Christian families, where God is honored and the Church's interests are sacredly guarded. John L. is a graduate of the Southwestern University, of Georgetown, Tex., and now stationed at Monticello, recognized as one of our strongest preachers. Robert H. was a student in Henderson-Brown College, and afterwards graduated at Hendrix College, and is now superintendent of the public schools in Conway. He is also a local preacher in the Methodist Church of more than ordinary ability. George N. attended school at Hendrix and is one of the most acceptable teachers and local preachers in the bounds of his district. James M. was a student in Hendrix and is now at Bearden and Thornton, a man of moral and intellectual strength. John Shird M. attended Henderson-Brown College, and is now a graduate of the State Law School, with a bright prospect before him. The other boys are men of unimpeachable moral integrity. Thus, I say, the sainted father lives the greater life in his seven sons, and the fruits of the unrelenting efforts in Christian guardianship is the glory of the mother. As was the home of the Cannon family, so was the home in which I was reared; therefore there has ever been and ever shall be a close feeling of kinship between the writer and this family of God-honored and God-blessed mother and sons.

CHAPTER LIV.

AUSTIN CIRCUIT.

BY W. F. EVANS.

THE STARTING POINT OF J. R. MOORE, R. W. MCKAY, F. N. BREWER, JAS. ROBERTSON, GEO. S. SEXTON, E. N. BRAGG, SAM PARKER, E. L. BEARD, THE TWO STANLEY BROTHERS, CHARLEY L. ADAMS, W. W. WHITLEY, J. W. MANN, L. C. BEASLEY, AND M. M. MONK.

GOING back to 1862, we find the starting point of the old Austin Circuit with Rev. J. M. Goodwin, pastor. The war clouds seem to hide the work and the pastorate until 1865, when Rev. C. M. Slover was appointed to the work, and then followed Rev. B. G. Johnson. In 1868 we find Burton Williams, who served the work two years; and then follows a long list of the worthies who wrought well in the planting of the Kingdom among the people of a vast territory now divided into several circuits and stations.

We pause here to call attention to Rev. B. G. Johnson, who was so often referred to in our boyhood days as "Big, Good Johnson." Brother Johnson might well be called the father of Methodism in the bounds of the Austin and Hickory Plains Circuits. Johnson's Chapel was named in honor of him, and still stands as a monument to his work among the people who worship there. Would it not be a wise and noble expression of gratitude to one of God's purest ministers if that congregation were to place a memorial window in that church with the expression, "Rev. B. G. Johnson, whom our fathers and mothers loved, and whom the little children admired?" This man of God was a marvel in remembering all the names of the household and in calling them on all occasions. No man was more universally beloved by the children of the homes where he went than was

Brother Johnson. He well deserves a place among God's noble-men.

To continue the long list of pastors who have done so much to establish the bounds of Methodism in the old Austin Circuit would indeed make a volume within itself, so we desist from further mention of these pastors and come to the fruits of their labors as shown in the ministerial product furnished the Church from this appointment.

Divine truth has taught us that "a tree is known by its fruits," and surely this tree has been productive of good fruit; for who has not heard of the long list of ministers who have gone out from its charge? We call to mind at this writing fifteen names, familiar to many who have acknowledged the call of God to the work of the ministry and made their start here: J. R. Moore, R. W. McKay, F. N. Brewer, James Robertson, George S. Sexton, E. N. Bragg, Samuel Parker, E. L. Beard, the two Stanley brothers, Charley L. Adams, W. W. Whitely, J. W. Mann, L. C. Beasley, and M. M. Monk. Of all the appointments on old Austin Circuit, old Mt. Tabor is the most fruitful. The long list above shows that the minds of many of the noble youth of this section have been turned to the work of the living ministry.

Three things, no doubt, have led to this rich harvest of ministerial supply:

1. The open home. The hospitality of the people has opened the homes to the pastors, who for years and years have felt free to enter there. A warm welcome was always awaiting them, and of all guests they were made to feel the most honored. The pastor was the honored man on all public occasions.
2. The family altar. Many old-time family altars were found in the bounds of this work, where the altar fires burned without cessation, and thus the religion of the old family Bible had the right of way in the home.
3. The prayer meeting and the testimony meeting. Here many, both men and women, would pray aloud and give rich testimony of an indwelling Christ and His leadership, and would

shout aloud His praises during the protracted meetings, thus giving God praise for His wonderful works done in the souls of men. These were living, active forces, that made old and young to realize God's servants as the honored men of the community, and His cause the one business of all the people. Not only has God's blessing rested upon these homes, but He has honored these communities by the chosen men He has called to be His co-laborers in the world's evangelization. James R. Moore for years filled the leading stations and districts in the bounds of the Little Rock Conference and the Louisiana Conference. R. W. McKay is to-day, and has been for years, one of our strongest and most popular preachers and pastors, filling the leading appointments in his Conference. F. N. Brewer stands among the successful pastors and leading pulpiteers of South Arkansas. George S. Sexton has gone through our entire connection a flaming evangel of spiritual fire and holy zeal, until his name is a synonym for success. Whether he be in the Nation's capitol or in a country schoolhouse, he is the same George, and the same fire flashes from his eye, and the same spirit beams in his soul.

Others, too, have stood as firebrands against the powers of evil, and with willing hands and ready hearts have done their work in the onward march of Christian influence. Among the sainted dead is Charley Adams, than whom no purer man has been listed in this holy warfare. His mind was clear, his words sound, his heart pure, and his life spotless. His end was peace, and he rests under the shade of the trees.

Sam Parker with a spirit of meekness wove himself into the hearts of his people, and in his death a vision of the Holy Land passed before his eyes, and he went to be with God.

E. L. Beard went from circuit to circuit, the same logical man that he was. His heart was in the right place, and his teachings came from a heart made fertile by the spirit of the God of the fathers. He too rests with the saints in light.

One other cord binds this old circuit to my heart, making it peculiarly sacred to me. It was amidst the blooming flowers

of springtime and in the month of May, 1862, when the Southern soldiers were encamped at old Austin, that my father, James K. Evans, was granted a furlough to visit his family at their humble home in the old Walnut Hill community, in the southern part of LaFayette County. Late in June he returned to his command in Austin. Before taking leave of his family he called them all before the kitchen fireplace, where an early breakfast had been prepared, and there, in the presence of neighbors and friends, he conducted his last family worship. I sat in my little chair by his side as the Scriptures were read, and then kneeled by his side while he commanded a Jacob's blessing upon his family. The name of each member of the household was called in the ear of God, even the name of the infant born during his stay at home. When the words "God bless my son Fletcher" fell from his lips he laid his hand upon my head. The pressure of that hand is still felt, and those words linger in my ears until this hour.

After that morning no more was heard from him until late in August, when the news came of his illness in camp. Later an unknown true Southern soldier proffered to carry him such dainties as my mother could prepare. This he did, and in September he reached the camps wayworn, footsore, and tired; and when inquiry was made for my father, he was told that he was dead. He had passed to the reward of the just from a Southern soldier's cot. A grave was dug, such as was common for the Southern soldier boys, and they wrapped him in his soldier's blanket and laid him in the grave. They placed his well-worn hat over his face and covered him with Austin soil, and there he rests in peace with the boys in gray. None truer ever walked among men, none braver ever carried musket and bayonet. He was my father, and from old Austin he will come forth at the last bugle call to life everlasting, and his five preacher boys will go forth to battle no more. These are the whys of the sacredness of the Austin soil to me.

CHAPTER LV.

CAMDEN STATION.

BY W. F. EVANS.

SPECIAL MENTION OF J. W. BROWN, J. A. PROCTOR, AND W. K. RAMSEY.

THE organization of the Methodist Church at Camden dates back to 1843, which is two years before the division of Methodism in America. The organization of this Church was under the wise leadership of Rev. Alexander Avery, who was in charge of the Union Circuit. This circuit embraced the whole of Union and Ouachita Counties, and included twenty-eight appointments. Rev. Andrew Hunter was presiding elder of the Washington District, which was as large in proportion as the Union Circuit. The pastor and presiding elder met at Camden in April, 1843, and held a few days' meetings, at which time the organization was perfected with only twelve members. The house in which it was organized was a little log hut, about twenty by thirty feet; and while it was the church, it was used for all purposes. Courts convened there, school was taught in the house, and in fact all political meetings and gatherings of other kinds were held in this little log house. Its location was practically on the same site as the present building.

Three times the congregation has outgrown its assembling quarters, and they had to be changed and enlarged. The present building was erected under the pastorate of Rev. W. E. Boggs, and is modern and well-equipped. It is made of brick and stone, with elegant windows, comfortable seats, and a splendid pipe-organ. Adjacent to the church the congregation has recently added an up-to-date Baraca Hall, which is well furnished and equipped for the latest and best development of physical, social,

intellectual, and moral life. Camden was made a station in 1845, two years after its organization.

This Church has ever been known for its hospitality and big-heartedness. The year it was made a station it entertained the Annual Conference, which was in the fall of 1845. We note since that time the brethren have quite frequently returned in their annual sessions; 1851, 1860, 1873, 1888, 1905 mark the dates of the annual gatherings with the old Camden people, and each time the brethren met with the same big-hearted Southern welcome that is characteristic of Camden.

From the beginning Methodism has stood in the forefront of the social, commercial, moral, and spiritual life of the town. None the less is the Methodist influence dominant in the city to-day.

Philip Agee, a man of social, commercial, moral, and spiritual strength, was among the twelve who composed the first organization. His influence is still felt in the Church and community through his descendants.

Those who have served the Camden Charge as pastors have been among the strongest pulpiteers of the State. The work began with high tide with Alexander Avery, a tower of strength and moral influence in his day. He was followed by men of such apostolic strength and leadership as William Moores, Samuel Morris, Jerome B. Amiss, Alexander B. Winfield, William P. Ratcliff, William C. Heislip, Horace Jewell, Augustus R. Winfield, W. H. Browning, P. W. Archer, Cadesman Pope, H. B. Frazee, J. Mackey, R. P. Raulston, C. C. Godden, Alonzo Monk, A. O. Evans, Andrew Hunter, John McLaughlin, J. R. Moore, John F. Carr, R. R. Moore, W. E. Boggs, M. B. Corrigan, John H. Dye, W. F. Evans, T. H. Ware, and W. H. Watson, who is now winding out his quadrennium with this congregation. It is here that Methodism has one of the oldest, strongest, and most intelligent congregations in the State.

While it is interesting to think of the growth and development of this congregation, it is not the aim of this paper to do so, but simply to drop a rosebud at the end of the pilgrimage of three men who figured so long and with such marked brilliancy

and success in the development of Methodism, not only in Camden, but in the Church at large.

We group together J. W. Brown, J. A. Procter, and W. K. Ramsey. These men were all independent thinkers. They were men who opened brain and heart to argument. Their companionship was most intimate and ran through long years of commercial, social, and religious life. Each had his place of business; but when the day's work was ended they usually gathered with others sacred to our memory at the Procter brothers' furniture store to exchange a few familiar yarns, pass a few practical jokes, or talk over some social, commercial, or religious problem of mutual interest. After this brief loiter on the way each was seen to work his way to his own house, where loving hearts and tender hands waited to greet and serve them. Their homes were real homes, where loving companionship dominated the inmates.

These were men who believed in and practiced the merits of the Christ-life in their homes, and, like Abraham of old, they built an altar there and offered sacrifices thereon. Not only did they have their home altars, but they had their church altar and family pew. These pews were occupied by these men, who were veritably Aarons and Hurs in a congregation of worshippers. They prayed in secret, they prayed in their homes. They were prayers and talkers in the public congregations, which gave inspiration to the preacher and stability of character to those who heard them.

DR. J. W. BROWN.

Dr. James W. Brown was the first of this trio to reach the Golden Gate and pass from the vision of man. Fourteen hours of suffering ended the pilgrimage of one of Arkansas' greatest citizens and one of Methodism's brightest and most far-seeing intellects. Dr. Brown was a master of self. He was at home wherever he took his seat, and made all who sat with him feel at ease in his presence. The children loved his company and fondly

sat upon his knee, and passed the hours away with childish glee. The young men and women sought his companionship and felt that he was one of them. They courted his counsel in both commercial and matrimonial matters, and found him sane and worthy of trust in all that concerned life's enterprises. The old, whether simple or wise, strong or weak, were welcome guests in his house. He was master of all occasions.

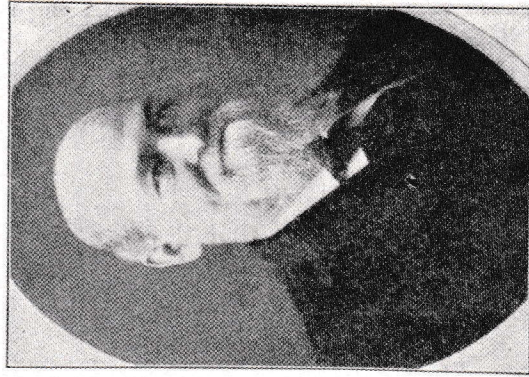
He enterprised and carried out his plans in great commercial matters, such as railroads, mills, banks, and other interests involving hundreds of thousands of dollars; but wherever he was, before bank directors, directors of corporations, or special committees of Congress or of the United States Senate, he was the same master of self and the same leader of men.

Nowhere was Dr. Brown more at ease and of greater value than in the counsels of the Church. He was familiar

DR. J. W. BROWN.

with the machinery of Methodism, knew her doctrines and polity, and was able to defend them in private conversation or in public discourse. As a member of our college boards, our mission, educational or Sunday school boards he was a man to be relied upon, in counsel or in finance. His large brain, his fullness of soul, and mastery of words, with his liberal heart and his willing hands, made his going from us an occasion of sorrow as deep as human love and broad as his acquaintance in commercial, political, social, and religious life.

He closed his eyes to mortal scenes on the twenty-first day of September, 1904, and entered the more liberal realm of thought

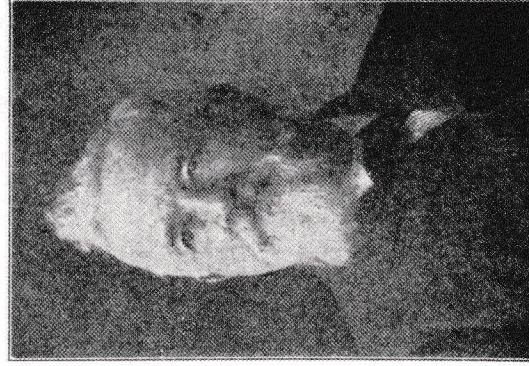


and deeper experiences of joy, where he awaits the home-coming of friends and brethren.

J. A. PROCTER.

Jessa A. Procter was the second of this trio to cease to walk among men and to enter his rest. His life was more retired and reserved than that of his friend

Brown. His conscience was sharp, his emotions were easily stirred. His convictions were strong and his experience of grace was a personal matter to him. He made the promises of God his own and applied them to his life. He lived what he professed in his home, his business, his social and Church life. When he prayed men knew him to be acquainted with the path to God. When he talked his words went to the hearts of his hearers as sincere words, backed by a sincere and stainless life.



J. A. PROCTER.

He weighed well his words, and when once spoken they took care of themselves. His love and devotion to his wife, who walked by his side in tenderness and love so many years, never passed the happy days of honeymoon. He loved his Church next to his home. In his official relations he was faithful and true, wise in counsel, and as loyal to duty as the needle to the pole. His work in the Sunday school and among the officers of the Church will abide the critical test of the great assize.

After many months of weariness, loneliness, and inexpressible sufferings he went to join his companions and friends in the glory land in the fall of 1908.

CAPTAIN W. K. RAMSEY.

The last one of this group of whom reference has been made was W. K. Ramsey. His religious life was not so pronounced in public service for many years as that of his friends Brown and Procter. His disdain for hypocrisy was woven into disgust when

he saw a man live beneath his profession. His constant fellowship with the purest and best, his unflinching fidelity to his Church, his true fatherly heart to his children, and his companionship true and tried wove his life into one united whole for God and His cause.

He had no patience with pretense. What he did he put his soul into. Men knew it and admired it. If he differed from a man he said so, and he was admired the more for it. His counsel was sought and accepted by young and old alike. He had a



CAPTAIN W. K. RAMSEY.

vision, and wisely planned things, and then worked his plans to success. He loved clean politics and honesty in business, and was never known to turn a man down who adhered to these principles. His finances grew and his investments multiplied until he was a force to be reckoned with in matters of finance. With it all his soul grew and his liberality increased until it was hard to tell in which he found the greater joy—in praying or in paying; for the one was asking for divine wisdom, and the other was as truly an act of divine leadership. So he prayed and so he paid, and God heard his prayers and blessed his gifts.

Captain Ramsey was a man of wide information. He was born

and reared in the lap of the Methodist itinerancy, and never departed from his raising. His home was open to his pastor at all hours, and visiting ministers found a hearty welcome under his roof. He was wise in counsel, pure in life, and fervent in spirit.

As a member of different boards of Conference and of college he was among our wisest and truest. As a monument to his moral worth and spiritual life the W. K. Ramsey Hall for young men connected with our Church in Camden, and the W. K. Ramsey Memorial Hall which is planned for the Henderson-Brown campus at Arkadelphia, speak in silent but living testimony.

This life of consecrated brain, wealth, and soul went from visible activities March 18, 1910, to walk, talk, and wait with Brown and Procter until the dawning of the revelation day.

Why have I written thus? It is, my dear reader, to place before you three men, all different in temperament, who were born and reared in different States and under different circumstances, but who in after life came to know and to love each other in the bonds of true and unflinching Christian companionship; and in the blending of their lives not only Camden and Methodism grew richer and better, but the surrounding community and the Church at large have reaped a force and power that can not be estimated. To undertake such a task would be like valuing the hidden ore stored away in the bowels of the earth or the numbering of the stars in the milky way. It simply can not be estimated.

Reader, "study to show thyself a workman approved of God, rightly dividing the word of truth."

We are glad to note that the offspring of our dear Brother Adams still lives among the honored citizens of Arkadelphia, and is projecting his noble deeds and character into other generations.

Brother Hare went to the home of the pure in heart many years since, and rests where the ministry of angels perpetually attend him.

Rev. John R. Saunders has for many years been recognized as the sweet comforter of the Little Rock Conference, of whom mention is made in another chapter of this book, set apart to his life and ministry.

Rev. John D. Dunn has shown himself a man of spiritual life and godly convictions, and his success has proven his call of God to the work of the ministry.

Rev. W. C. Davidson is recognized as one of Arkansas' strongest productions, a man of wonderful power in prayer, a preacher whose towering eloquence, backed by logic and argument, places him in demand among our strongest and most cultured congregations. He is now delighting his people at First Church, Pine Bluff, where he stands a recognized force in the pulpit, and among his people for all that stands for the uplift of humanity.

Rev. Thomas A. Hearn is a product of Arkadelphia and is a son of Hon. A. G. Hearn, who is mentioned in a chapter given to him in this book. Brother Hearn was for years one of the strongest characters of the Little Rock Conference. A burning desire for the souls of men led him to the teeming millions in China, where he has labored for more than twenty years with tireless hand and unabated zeal.

HENDERSON-BROWN COLLEGE.

In following the work of Methodism in Arkadelphia it becomes necessary to mention the one college of Methodism in the bounds of the Little Rock Conference.

When the Baptists located and established the Ouachita Baptist College at Arkadelphia, this school was thought a living necessity to Southern Methodism in Southwest Arkansas. The Lit-

CHAPTER LVI.

ARKADELPHIA AND HENDERSON-BROWN COLLEGE.

THE CITY, THE STANDARD OF METHODISM, THE ORIGIN OF THE COLLEGE, AND A FEW MEN WHO SO SUBSTANTIALLY AIDED IN THE ESTABLISHMENT AND MAINTENANCE OF THE SCHOOL: HUIE, FEATHERSTON, KEY, HENDERSON, McDANIEL, MURRY, BARKMAN, BROWN, AND RAMSEY.

THE city of Arkadelphia is both picturesque and historic. Her history reaches back for many years before the Civil War. The site of Arkadelphia has been the scene of many enthusiastic gatherings during the war and after the war clouds had passed and the days of reconstruction were on.

The city is located on the western side of the beautiful Ouachita, among the hills of South Central Arkansas, and is noted for healthfulness and men of strong character and patriotism. For years past Methodism has stood in the forefront of moral and religious influence. The congregation has been composed of as fine a body of as loyal Methodists as ever graced a Methodist Church in any community. Among the old settlers we find the names of Calloway, Huie, Husbands, Thomas, Crow, Hearn, and many others who stood by every sacred interest, not only of Methodism, but of the town and community at large. Many of those of more recent date are descendants of the old guard. We note as products of this congregation the names of W. C. Adams, J. R. Saunders, J. D. Dunn, T. A. Hearn, George Hare, and W. C. Davidson, who have been towers of strength among the ministers of our Conference, all of whom remain in the active ranks except W. C. Adams and George Hare, of sacred memory, who were known for their sincerity of conduct and strong convictions.

the Rock Conference joined in the same conviction, and when a proposition was extended to the Conference for the establishment of the college, the proposition was accepted, and in 1890 the school was established. It is the co-educational college of Methodism in Arkansas and carries the largest enrollment of any Methodist school in the State.

It would be an injustice to pass notice of a few of those who figured so largely in the establishment of the school, and since in its support and maintenance. It would surely be in place to mention something of their beginning in life and the difficult battles which they have fought to win their way to positions of usefulness among their fellow-men. Without exception they began poor and wove the woof of their own fortunes.

The first of these to whom I call attention is the name of R. H. Featherston. From the beginning of the first conception of this school we find the name of R. H. Featherston prominently connected with the movement. Of his means he gave freely, of his time and energy no one surpassed him. He never refused when called upon, but with ready hands and an open pocket-book he worked unceasingly until he saw the work of his hands established in the ideal set before him. Brother Featherston now lives in Oklahoma (Sulphur), a man of moral and commercial force, still projecting good things into the community where he lives. May his days be multiplied and his end be peace!

E. H. McDANIEL.

Eli H. McDaniel was of South Carolinian birth and of noble ancestry. He came to Arkansas in 1879 and settled at Arkadelphia, which was a mere village. From the day he landed on Arkadelphia soil until his death, in September, 1905, he was a pusher of all that tended to prosperity in advanced citizenship. So when the question of a college for Arkadelphia arose he was among the first to enter the campaign and never relented his interests or effort as long as he had strength with which to work. For years and at the time of his death he was the honored and esteemed secretary of the board. He was indeed untiring and

painstaking in all his work. Of his time and means no man was more liberal. He was a born counselor. A truer heart never



MR. E. H. MACDANIEL.



HON. C. V. MURRY.

throbbed in mortal breast. He was indeed a man of solid piety. He knew no pretense. He had a conviction and stood manfully by it. He went from us in great peace, and left his wife, offspring, relatives, and friends the poorer by his going. His mantle rests upon his sons. May they walk in the integrity of his soul and come to the end of life's journey as did their father. Brother McDaniel will ever be a living factor in the work of Henderson-Brown College.

C. V. MURRY.

Hon. Claud V. Murry was another of our ranks who has gone to the reward of the just. He was recognized as the attorney of the board. Untiring in his labors and sound in his judgment, he walked in the integrity of his soul. Methodism

never produced a soul and charged it with responsibility that was more carefully carried than that of Claud Murry. His time, his money, his intellect, and his all were counted none too good for the work in which he was called for his Lord. Brother Murry was a religious lawyer, a praying man, a worshipping man, a man of God. His presence, his counsel, and his means are all missed in the labors of the board, but he rests where the toils of life and the long, weary days and sleepless nights come not. His sacred dust awaits the gathering of his co-laborers in the far West; his large family inherited his virtues and live among God's honored sons and daughters.

CAPTAIN R. W. HUIE.

Captain Robert W. Huie was Arkansas-bred and born. His entrance upon life was on a farm in Scott County, Ark., near the present town of Waldron. He was born to the fortunes of the yellow pines. How little did he think of the vast fortunes that hummed among the pines as he walked to and fro among them in childish glee. His father's home was a log house, with its doors and windows closed by solid planks. His lullabies were sung to him as his mother rocked him to sleep in his plank box cradle. He drank the milk of cattle grazed on the grass that grew among the pines of the hills and valleys of his community.

Robert was a get-up boy. He arose with the song-birds at four o'clock in the morning. He breathed the early air and watched the beauties of sunrise, which inspired him to the limit. His father, D. B. Huie, who was a farmer and tanner by trade, was the head of an old-time Methodist country home, where the altar fires burned without cessation. Young Huie was like Timothy of St. Paul's day. He knew the Scriptures from his youth; and now, in old age, they abide, the golden links in life's chain. Robert was "his mother's oldest daughter." He was taught the art of old-time fireplace cooking, with pots, oven, and skillet furniture. He nonetheless was familiar with the common scenes around the old country wash place; with battling stick in hand and the washpot in the fire he performed well, and as a

country milkmaid he was the neighborhood's expert. No cook-stoves, washing, and churning machines were needed where this lad of the forest performed.

His book education was limited to the country school of two to three months in the winter season. His higher education revealed in nature and nature's God, prepared him for the after life.

At the age of seventeen he moved with his parents to Clark County. It was from here that he entered the Confederate Army, where he remained until the last gun was fired and peace was declared. He then returned to take up his original plans, which had been laid aside for war duties.

In 1866 he entered the commercial world on a salary of bare expenses; victuals and clothing were the stipulated allowance. No change was allowed in those days for ice-cream and moving picture shows.



CAPTAIN R. W. HUIE.

After two years he was given a working interest in the store. At the end of eleven years he owned and controlled a good business of his own. In 1886 he aided in the organization of the Arkadelphia Lumber Company, and for years was its honored president. His fortune continued to grow and his investments multiplied until he extended his lumber business into North Louisiana, where he was actively engaged in the manufacture of yellow pine lumber and the construction and operation of railroads in South Arkansas and North Louisiana until 1907, when he sold out his interests and with a good fortune he returned home to Arkadelphia, where he continues his banking and timber interests

with that of extensive rice growing and other farm productions.

While the brow of young Huie was still crowned with youth he got a good case of old-time Methodist religion, which was his soul's true riches. He projected it into his large and honored family, who in pride and safety follow in the father's footsteps. To-day his greatest pride is not in his temporal wealth, but in the wealth of soul emanating from the God of his father. He finds his truest investment and richest dividends to be those of moral interest connected with Henderson-Brown College and other benevolent works of his Church. Reader, this places before you another true example of true ideals in youth. His goal was

high and lifted up. Honesty and spiritual life, backed by untiring and unrelenting effort, lifted him to it, and he rests and waits in the integrity of his soul for the golden gate and the eternal morning.

HON. R. W. HUIE, JR.

Hon R. W. Huie, Jr., his son, is in many respects a duplicate of his father, and, like him, glories in good works.

He is a product of Arkadelphia, a student of the old Arkadelphia Methodist College, a graduate in the literary department of the University of Arkansas, and was the leader of his class. He afterwards

graduated in the Law School of the University of Virginia, and was second in his class and vice-president of the same. He and his partner, Hon. Joe E. Calloway, form a native-born law firm, and it is second to no law firm in the city. The fundamentals of their education were laid in Arkadelphia. The sound moral



HON. R. W. HUIE.

principles governing their lives were wrought in them at the Methodist altar, and their lives are devoted to the work of God through the channels of Methodism.

CAPTAIN C. C. HENDERSON.

Captain Charles C. Henderson, a well-known merchantman, banker, lumberman, and railroad promoter and builder, was not

at first as enthusiastic in the establishment of the old Arkadelphia Methodist College as some others who have been mentioned in this connection, but he soon caught the zeal and quickening pulse of his neighbors, and without relaxation has sincerely labored for its highest development.

In 1904, when the storm clouds threatened to sweep from the Church this noble plant of moral and intellectual power, Captain Henderson came forward with a cash check of ten thousand dollars to save the college to the Church. Other amounts were

CAPTAIN C. C. HENDERSON.

added until the deeds were in fee simple the property of the Church and a matter of record in the recorder's office in this county. He has since extended his gifts until they have reached multiplied thousands, and yet he works with tireless hand and gives. In 1904 the board thought to do him honor by changing the name of the college from Arkadelphia Methodist to Henderson College. This was never in harmony with his wishes. From the beginning he contended that the name of Brown should be connected with him in this honor. In 1910, W. W. Brown, after being earnestly requested by Captain Hen-



derson and others, gave his consent to the school bearing his name. Mr. Brown has been and is now associated with him in large and extensive railroad and milling interests, of whom special mention is made in a paragraph under his own name.

Captain Henderson began his financial career a poor boy. He landed in St. Louis on his first commercial adventure with seventy-five cents in his pocket. He was hungry, tired, and inexperienced. He called for a steak and a cup of coffee at a Dutch restaurant, and you may imagine his surprise when the steak covering his plate flopped down before him, and the greater surprise when a bill of sixty-five cents was presented to him. With ten cents to the good he started for work. He had to find it. It was all he had to do, and when a man has but one business and follows it well, he is more than likely to succeed, and young Henderson was no exception to the rule. He found work with a commission company and made good.

With close application, scrupulous honesty, and unfeigned Christianity he has climbed the ladder of commercial prestige until he stands a recognized financier among the merchant princes of the country.

Captain Henderson is a Methodist of the old type. His saintly mother, who delighted in the teachings of the Scriptures and imparting the same to her offspring, still lives, an honored saint of priceless worth to her Church and home.

Charles wove these sacred precepts into his very life, and it might well be said that from the cradle he was taught the Scriptures and the doctrines of Methodism, from which he has never had a desire to depart. His labors in Sunday school are not surpassed among our most efficient churchmen. He, like others of God's noblemen, has learned that character of true merit does not consist of what we possess, but of what we are and what we worship.

W. W. BROWN.

(We regret that a plate could not be obtained of Mr. Brown.)

Walter W. Brown, son of George W. Brown, is a native of Ouachita County, Ark. He grew to manhood in Camden, where he still lives, and where he has amassed his fortune.

Walter, as he is familiarly known, was left an orphan in his youth. Nobility of character, with honesty and Christianity, had been well established in his heart, and the true doctrines and value of the moral worth of Methodism had been indelibly stamped on mind and heart by his parents, who were truly devout before him. With these gems of priceless pearls planted within him, no one could expect anything short of a high degree of success. He set his goal at the top of soul character, and step by step he climbed the rugged steep, and to-day stands a man of unimpeachable moral integrity.

For more than twenty years he and Captain Henderson have gone side by side in matters of commerce, until their lives are woven into one great and common interest in the establishment of a great co-educational college in South Central Arkansas, where the youth of the land may be educated in head and heart, and thereby fitted for the greater life. Mr. Brown, like Mr. Henderson, gave the college at one time ten thousand dollars. In expression of gratitude the board has changed the name of the college to that of Henderson-Brown, in honor of the two men who had given the greatest single amounts of any individual persons connected with the college.

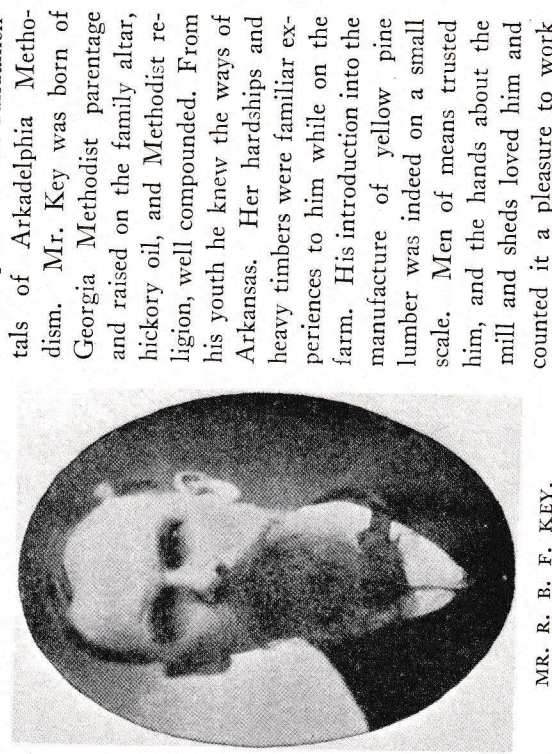
Mr. Brown is truly a religious man, while he measures commercial influence and strength with the financiers of his acquaintance and worthily shares honors with them. But he esteems the honors of Church service the chief among distinctions. Whether serving as usher, Sunday school official, incidental collector, or steward of his Church, it matters not with him. It is all service rendered to his Lord, and demands and receives his closest and best attention.

Surely it is the work of the Lord in blending these two

lives, with their cultured brain, devout spirits, and consecrated wealth, into the work of Christian education. Their lives will be gathered up in generations yet unborn who may attend Henderson-Brown College and find moral, social, and intellectual culture so materially aided in the work of character building and life fitting by the liberality of their souls.

R. B. F. KEY.

R. Ben F. Key, well known among his many and best acquaintances as "Smiling Ben," is a real pillar in all fundamen-



MR. R. B. F. KEY.

his business grew. His investments increased in value with rapid pace until he walked easy street with an air of independence. His name soon extended beyond the borders of the State as a man to be trusted and reckoned with in matters of commerce and lumber industry. He retires from active labor with a sufficiency for the evening time of life. His interest in the Church has been his highest, save that of his own family. His liberal heart has

prompted him to constant donations to all interests pertaining to Methodism. From the beginning he has been one of the freest contributors to Henderson-Brown College. Key Music Hall stands on the college campus, a monument to his liberal heart and loyalty to this institution of his pride.

Early in life Mr. Key's feet were taught the path to the house of prayer. Honesty was woven into his life as golden gems, and Christianity as the pearl of great price. Before the evil influences of the world fastened their deadly fangs into his young life these things took root in his heart and life like the roots of the great oaks in fertile soil that have stood the storms and winters of ages. They are not to be uprooted. He counts his friends by his acquaintances, and surely if mortal man is entitled to the blessings of the peace-makers, this is the man. His family circle is large, and surely the hand of God is leading them in the footsteps of the father.

These lines record the salient points of another man who has measured success in its broadest commercial, social, and religious sense, and yet from his youth he has walked in the integrity of his soul and counted it a joy and honor to be counted among the lovers and servants of God. Reader, pattern thy life after the world's purest and best, and time will deal gently with thy outgoings and incomings, and place thee in death among the celestial throng of endless bliss.

W. E. BARKMAN.

W. Eugene Barkman comes of Arkadelphia nativity. He is of a parentage that was honest, who had no place for idlers in the home, and believed that none such should be allowed to grow up in the community.

The lad was placed on the working force at an early date. The scenes of a boy in a cow-pen were frequent about the Barkman home. He was none the less handy about the kitchen and bedrooms. Whether he had the dish-rag, churn-dash, or broom in hand, it mattered not with him; they were all familiar tools with which he set things in order about the place.

Eugene had his first independent experience at hard labor, for which he received fifty cents a day. He had been taught to work and he stuck to his job. He was soon advanced to sixty cents, and he struck it a little harder, and by and by as a common laborer on the railroad bridge as it was constructed across the old Ou-

achita in his native town, he was advanced to \$1.75 a day. This was a stimulant he did not expect. His heart swelled and he built aircastles like successful miners in diamond fields. The eye of the leaders in commerce were on the young laborer. His uncompaining fidelity and integrity of soul appealed to men of means. Step by step young Barkman was advanced, and he made good at every point, until to-day he stands one of the leading stockholders in the Graysonia Nashville Lumber Company and the Memphis, Dallas, and Gulf Railroad. He is cashier of the Elk Horn Bank and Trust Company of Arkadelphia, and has large real estate holdings and other valued interests.

MR. W. E. BARKMAN.



Mr. Barkman came on the scene of activity in Henderson-Brown College at a later date, but he came to hear and do. His money has gone into the institution by the thousands, and he is not yet at his summit. No sham ever attracts him. He is a lover of the real. As an official in his Church, and an active worker in the Sabbath school, he stands among those to be trusted on all occasions.

My dear reader, if your way seems hard and rugged, keep in mind that others passed that way to honor and wealth by

honesty and Christ's leadership. Be thou faithful, and all will be well.

OTHERS.

There are many others to whom we would delight to give place in this book, but to mention the Thomas brothers, the Crow brothers, Newberry, Patterson, Williams, Sloan brothers, Green brothers, and others without number, would make a book within itself. We must come to mention two presidents of this school.

JONES AND HINEMON.

President George C. Jones, A. M., LL. D., was a man providentially directed to take charge of the original Arkadelphia Methodist College in its early history. He was college-bred and born. He came a recognized scholar who knew the value of a finished education in its truest sense. He came from Tennessee with a great soul throbbing with great plans. He put his best into the school. He assumed all liabilities and went to work to succeed, and he did. A large patronage was enrolled, and for years he sent out choice characters, polished in head and heart, well equipped for the toils of real life.



In 1904 he sold his interest in the school to the board and went to Oklahoma and established a school of high order at Oklahoma City, which was afterwards burned. He is now connected with the Oklahoma Woman's College, at Oklahoma City, and is still stamping his

PRESIDENT GEO. C. JONES.

individuality upon the heart and brain of the young Americans in the West. His ripe scholarship and firm Christian integrity will hold him in the forefront of American scholarship.

J. H. HINEMON, A. M.

President John H. Hinemon was none the less a man sent of God to take hold of the work of character building and life fitting which had been begun by Dr.

Jones. He entered his work at Henderson College in 1904.

No man was more favorably known among Arkansas scholars and Southern educators than Mr. Hinemon. He was indeed an educated educator. He came from Tennessee in his early young manhood and began work at Monticello and established the Hinemon University School, which still runs with good results. He came to Henderson to put his best into the work, and he did. His time and vigorous strength, his brain and cultured intellect were employed to their limit. His money he did not withhold, but became one of her most liberal contributors. Mr. Hinemon believed "in plowing out to the end of an 'A'-grade college. He also believed in doing things now.

Military drill was soon introduced into the school, and the curriculum was raised from time to time, until it met the demands of an "A"-grade college. His work was thorough and will abide.

In broken health, he resigned the presidency of the college at the May meeting of the board, 1911. He knows no let-up in the work, but it is hoped that the vigor of strength will return and



PRESIDENT JOHN H. HINEMON.

many years will be added to his already long and useful life. With his assistance the board was fortunate in securing Rev. George H. Crowell, of Oklahoma, as president. President Crowell is a master in his profession. No man with such literary distinctions as Dr. Crowell has been at the head of the institution. He took control of the work as president of Henderson-Brown College, June 1, 1911, with flattering prospects of great success.

Before bringing this paper to a close, mention must be made of two others who have added much to the success of this school in the past. I refer to those staunch laymen, Brown and Ramsey.

Dr. J. W. Brown.

Dr. James W. Brown was a man to whom we have given large space in a chapter on Camden Methodism. He was a man who was awake to every interest of the Methodist Church, and in his interest to this school he was not wanting. For many years he was a regular patron of the school, and died a member of the board. Through her struggles for life (and they were many) he never weakened. He was sure that Methodism needed the school, and that settled all questions in his mind. His counsels were always on the side of justice and wisdom. His large heart and broad vision made him a man far above the ordinary. He died with it in his heart to do great things for the school; but death came without warning, and his plans were left unexecuted. He is gone from us, but his counsels are not forgotten and his work abides.

W. K. Ramsey.

William K. Ramsey was a providential man. He was a lifelong friend of J. W. Brown and father-in-law of W. W. Brown. He, like them, was a man of consecrated wealth and brain. To him we have given special space in the write-up of Camden, where his family still resides.

He took the place of Dr. Brown on the Henderson-Brown Board, and came to the work a doer, and not a hearer only, of the college needs. He opened his mind, heart, eyes, and store of

wealth to aid in the struggle of this child of the Church. His labors among us were of short duration, but abiding.

Of his money he gave thousands, and in expression of the board's appreciation of the man and his work it has set aside a lot in the college campus with a fund for the purpose of erecting a W. K. Ramsey Memorial Hall.

In him Methodism lost a man of large influence and broad information, well worthy of a place among the world's thinkers and doers. He is succeeded on the board by W. W. Brown, and thus God buries His workmen, but His work goes on. Here we end this chapter, already long, without the mention of those ministers who have added no small amount in ways without number to the welfare and progress of this vine of God's planting. May their labors be fruit-bearing unto the end!

CHAPTER LVII.

WALNUT HILL CHURCH.

(THE HOME OF MY EARLY CHILDHOOD AND FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL.)

BY W. F. EVANS.

It seems as yesterday when I turn my thoughts to the old scenes about the old building and grounds where I attended my first Sunday school and learned my first Sunday school songs. It was here that my father worshiped and my mother used to shout hallelujahs to God, and where my uncle, A. T. Evans, and his family worshiped. For many years he was class leader of the Church, and indeed a shepherd of the flock. He sang well, talked well, and prayed better; but he never reached his best until the rich hallelujahs would burst forth as evidence of an overflowing soul. Nobody doubted his sincerity. No wonder his children, with all my brothers, made an early profession and joined the Church of their fathers!

It was at what was known as the "Christmas meeting" that my brothers and cousins joined the Church. In 1867 Brother Parvin, our pastor, held a revival that swept the country far and near. It was thought and talked by many that this sweeping revival was the outgrowth of what was known as the "fence-corner prayer meeting," which originated with my brothers and cousins in a fence-corner one Sunday afternoon. It was afterwards moved to a pine-pole pen in the woods and continued for two years or more by the neighborhood boys. Old and young were brought under the influence of this meeting, and many of the old Walnut Hill Church members date their spiritual life back to the "Christmas meeting."

I must return to the old Sunday school and mention at least

four characters who figured so largely in all good connected with Walnut Hill Methodism for over fifty years. From the days of my earliest recollection I can see and hear Major D. E. Dickson and his wife, Mary E. Dickson, as they talked and sang in the old Walnut Hill Sunday school. Indeed, back to the days of civil strife these saintly characters were at work with the youth of the Church, leading them to things higher than mortal flesh. Their faces are fresh in my mind to-day as I pen these lines. Do I not hear the major say to his accomplished daughter Mary, "Sing, daughter, sing?" And do I not fancy that I hear the song:

"There is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing where there is my Savior King!
Loud let His praises ring; praise, praise for aye?"

Not only are the songs of those happy days fresh in my mind, but they carry with them the faces and the godly instructions as well.

"Mother Dickson" was the teacher of the boys, and always placed them on a long bench, and she stood in front of them. One round of questions, with the expression on her face, I shall never forget. A sweet smile played across her saintly face as she usually pointed her index finger in the face of a boy and said, "Have you said your prayers this morning?" If a negative answer was given, the look of surprise and the sting of regret that was manifested sent a reproof to the heart of the child that was sure to produce an affirmative answer the following Sunday. That good woman wove her very life into the boys who were placed in her charge. One little incident that occurred with me I repeat, to show how anxious I was to please this mother in Israel. I had neglected my morning prayers in the rush to be on time at Sunday school. (It was only four miles, and we had to walk.) I loitered a little behind the boys, and gently knelt behind a large pine tree and said a little prayer about one inch long, and I went on with a happy heart and a free conscience. As the

usual question passed that morning I sat in serene security until that finger pointed directly into my right eye. The verbage changed a little bit, and she said, "Fletcher, did you say your prayers before you left home this morning?" A sadness passed my way for a moment, and I saw it all in her face, and I said,



MRS. MARY E. DICKSON.

"No," and then added, "But I prayed before I got here." Again her face shone, and the smile passed all over it, and she said, "That's right; never come to God's house without praying." Can a child forget such a woman and such teaching as that? No; never while religious songs are sung and the days of youth play upon memory's tablets.

It would not meet the objects of this paper were I to fail to weave into it the fruit, either directly or indirectly, that grew out of this school and the work of this woman sent of God. Many boys passed this way who grew up to noble Christian manhood and became officials in the Church and the heads of Christian homes, and who are worthy of mention, but space will not allow it. I call attention to eight of these boys. Six of the number to whom I call attention were Evans boys, familiarly known as Robert, Vinson, Nero, Fletcher, Leander, and Olin. The five first were brothers, and the last a double cousin, whose life was woven into the home like that of a brother. The other two were the Few brothers, Prewett and Benjamin.

The Few family was a highly respectable and influential family, coming from Texas to Walnut Hill in 1868. It at once became identified with all that tended to the growth and development of Methodism. The father, Dr. C. A. Few, and one son, I. S. Few, were practicing physicians of high standing and a marked success in their profession. These boys, Prewett and Ben, naturally fell into the hands of Mother Dickson and soon were full-fledged members of the class and had imbibed the spirit of the teacher. Time passed. The boys grew to manhood. Their parents moved to other communities, but the eight boys never severed the warmest relations of true friendship.

My oldest brother, R. W. Evans, was first to call for authority to preach, following him was my second brother, F. V.; then E. N., later A. O., and on and on, one by one, until they were all ministers of the gospel, and to this day they are still proclaiming the truth of God as it is in His Son Christ Jesus, except my oldest brother, R. W., who passed to the union of parents and friends in 1882. Of the Evans boys enough has been said in a chapter devoted to "The Two Evans Families." Brief mention must be made of my friends from boyhood, Prewett and Ben.

Rev. A. P. Few began his ministry in the mountains of the Little Rock Conference in 1882. After a few years he was called to the work of the Pacific Conference, and for twelve years he ranked among the leading preachers of that Conference. He after-

wards transferred back to the Little Rock Conference and has filled important appointments among us ever since. For years he has been the recording secretary of this Conference, and with skill and painstaking he has proved himself a master in this work.



REV. A. P. FEW.



REV. B. A. FEW.

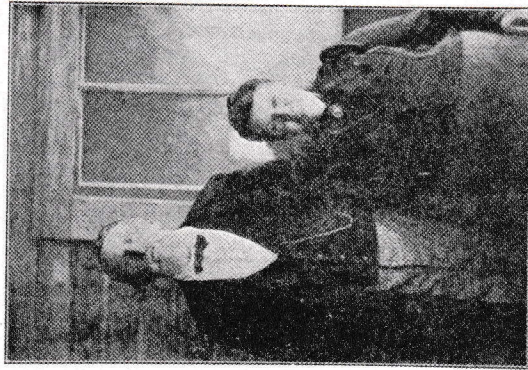
Rev. B. A. Few was admitted to the Little Rock Conference in 1887, and appointed to the Murfreesboro Circuit, where he made good; and step by step, by close application and constancy of effort, he has grown into one of the recognized leaders of the Conference. As presiding elder and as pastor he has been efficient and painstaking in every department of the work. He is now stationed at Hunter Memorial, Little Rock, where he is, in his accustomed way, winning souls and establishing the Kingdom of Christ through the works of Methodism.

Rev. Ben C. Few, son of B. A. Few, is also a minister and filling his first year for admission into the Little Rock Conference.

He was educated at Henderson-Brown College and bids fair to make his mark among the leaders of thought and work in the Conference.

Rev. James B. Evans, son of Rev. W. F. Evans, is another of the offspring of the Dickinson Class to enter the ministry and is supplying Lonoke Station. He, too, was educated at Henderson-Brown, and after his course is completed at Vanderbilt he will follow in the steps of his father.

Thus we have given quite a sketch of Mother Dickinson's work in the Walnut Hill Sunday school, which we hope will be a stimulant to many teachers who are struggling with the problems of boy classes. Major Dickinson and his precious wife, sacred to the memory of all the boys who passed through the Walnut Hill Sunday school, lived to see much of this work and died in the harness of the Sunday school to which they had given so many years of their godly lives.



HON. J. H. HAMITER AND WIFE.

Colonel J. H. Hamiter and wife fell heirs to the rich legacy of superintendency and leadership of the Walnut Hill school when Father and Mother Dickinson went to the reward of the just.

Feeling the sacredness of the position they occupied, they threw their lives into the work and well filled the place made vacant by those so sacred to them. As the result of the lives of this God-blessed union there grew up around their fireside men who have blessed the State in our legislative halls, with a J. H. Hamiter, Jr., in the halls of the Senate and Hon. Allen H. Hamiter as president in the Lower House. Others of the boys are leaders of

commerce and heads of Christian homes. Of the daughters, Methodism is not more richly blessed among the motherhood of the community than by those going out of the home of Colonel Hamiter. He with his lifelong and saintly wife rests in the city of the dead, while their spirits wait, with those of my sacred dead and Father and Mother Dickson, on the golden sands of the river of life.

linger in the halls of memory of those who sat beneath his flights of eloquence from Sabbath to Sabbath, and they still delight to refer to him.

The pastors who have followed Brinkley have been men of success wherever they have gone: John F. Carr, John R. Sanders, John R. Cason, James M. Hawley, W. P. Whaley, W. C. Watson, and T. O. Owen, all of whom have wrought well in the shepherdship of this flock.

The Official Board backing these men has none the less been a living factor in the development of this vine of God's planting. A. Brewster, John M. McCain, W. Z. Tankersley, and N. T. Roberts, of the original board, are still official members of this Church. Brief mention might be made of these men who have stood by the congregation all these years with ready hands and open purses as well as a devout spirit.

A. Brewster was born near Murfreesboro, Tenn., and came to Drew County, Ark., in 1857, where he grew to manhood and married. In 1880 he came to Pine Bluff with his family and at once united with our First Church, where he took hold of the work of Christian citizenship and remained until the organization of Lakeside, in 1888. Since that day he has not relaxed his efforts to build up and maintain a Church organization of living power for God and His cause.

His family of six boys and two girls have grown up as olive plants around his hearthstone to honor father and mother. Two of the sons, Oscar and Garland, are members of the Board of Stewards, and all are Christians. Brother Brewster began his married life poor, but by the aid and unstinted support of his wife he has grown to be one of our financial pillars, with all upon the altar for God and His Church. His liberality has made him friends, and God has taken care of his investments.

John M. McCain was born in Saline County, Ark., now a part of Grant County, but came to Pine Bluff with his parents when a child, where he grew to manhood. His father died when he was seven years old, and left him, the oldest of four children, to aid the widowed mother in the provisions of the home. He

CHAPTER LVIII.

LAKESIDE STATION.

BY W. F. EVANS, ITS PRESENT PASTOR.

LAKESIDE STATION is a branch of our First Church in Pine Bluff. The first mention of Pine Bluff found on our Church Journals was in 1831. At that time all Arkansas was in one district, with only ten appointments; namely, Helena Circuit, Pine Bluff Circuit, Chicot Circuit, Hot Springs Circuit, Arkansas Circuit, Washington Circuit, Cherokee Circuit, White River and Spring River Circuit, and Creek Mission. Rev. A. D. Smith was presiding elder, and Rev. W. A. Boyce was preacher in charge of the Pine Bluff Circuit. Just what territory was included in the circuit is not stated.

Eighty years have passed since that appointment, and great have been the changes and developments since that day; but none have surpassed the social, moral, and religious progress of the Church. Our First Church was the first Christian organization in the town of Pine Bluff, and has since that day led in the moral forces of the city. During these eighty years our pastors have given out no uncertain sound in the denunciation of sin and all public evils.

In 1888 the wisdom of the leadership pointed to the establishment of a new appointment in the city, and Lakeside Church was organized by Rev. Charles B. Brinkley, preacher in charge, and Rev. T. H. Ware, presiding elder. The organization was held in what was then the Jordan schoolhouse at Eleventh and Laurel Streets. The number was small, but it was of the type of Christian character that makes up the noble men of God's true workers.

The silver notes of oratory that fell from the lips of the first pastor, Brother Brinkley, with the showers of word-painting, still

did well, giving liberal education to his brother and sisters, while he himself studied at home and in the common schools, preferring to live in the lives of those whom he loved.

His commercial beginning was on a salary of \$15 per month; but he soon grew to be one of the high-salaried men of the city in that day. For twenty years he has conducted one of the leading grocery businesses in the city, and to-day enjoys the confidence of those who know him best. He married a Tennessee girl and brought his bride to Pine Bluff, where he has raised one of the largest and most respectable families of the city. To this union fifteen children were born, eleven of whom are living in honor to the parents. Brother McCain has never lost for one day his ardor for the Lakeside Church and the community in which it is located.

Captain N. T. Roberts is a native of Alabama and came to Arkansas in 1860, and to Pine Bluff in 1884, where he began work with our First Church. Among those who took part in the new organization at Lakeside none were more zealous. He was one of the first on the Official Board, and after three years he was elected superintendent of the Sunday school and remained in this office for seventeen years, winning heart and hand of both parents and children. As a business man he ranks among the best, and as a Christian character no man in the Church has a greater moral influence.

W. Z. Tankersley came to Arkansas from Mississippi in 1869 and since that time has spent the greater part of his life in Pine Bluff. Brother Tankersley was left an orphan at the age of twelve and had to win his own way through life. For four years he worked his way through school, coming out with a good working education. Step by step he moved up the commercial hill until he has been able to raise his children in the best circles of society, with integrity of soul, giving to each a liberal education. He easily stands as one of the merchant kings of the city. As a friend of Lakeside and one of its most liberal supporters, all are agreed.

Much of the moral strength and beauty of character of these men is due to the noble characters and unstinted efforts of their

wives. The motherhood of Lakeside is one of the strongest bands of Christian workers the writer has ever known.

CHURCH BUILDINGS.

The first church building for Lakeside was a frame building located on Fifteenth and Olive Streets, at a cost of \$5,000. This building is now being replaced by a \$50,000 concrete, brick, and stone building located on the old site. No church building in the city will equal it, and but few in the State.

Aside from Brewster, Roberts, McCain and Tankersley, who have been mentioned above, we would call attention to a few others who have stood the crucial test of Church loyalty by the liberal support rendered in this enterprise: G. L. Madding, W. T. Woolridge, M. J. Meade, E. L. Cutler, W. C. Reynolds, P. P. Byrd, W. H. Simpson, J. H. Watkins, J. W. Johns, B. H. Christopher, Walter Aden, Oscar, Edgar, and Garland Brewster, Mrs. M. E. Howsen, W. L. Carr, and others too numerous to mention; but among them all, none have worked so nobly as the dauntless D. B. Nivin, who has stood in the breach as no other man. He it was who came to the rescue of the board at the crucial point in the progress of this work and made the finality of the building a possibility.

From the small beginning, in 1888, on that November evening when the Lakeside organization was declared an organization of the Southern Methodist Church, the band has grown until it numbers 425 members, with a church building nearing completion estimated at a cost of \$50,000 and a parsonage well worth \$5,500, and a liberal support for the pastor that easily places the appointment among the most desirable stations in the Conference.

This vine was ordered of God, blessed of His Son, and watered by His Spirit. May peace be among her branches, its growth without end, and the harvest abundant!

CHAPTER LIX.

A SERMON ON THE NEW BIRTH.

BY REV. JOHN H. RIGGIN, D. D.

THE NEW BIRTH.

"Being born again." (1 Peter 1-23.)

BIRTH is the beginning of life. The beginning of the new life is the new birth.

The Christian religion is a life. Every true disciple of Jesus Christ walks in newness of life. Every true disciple of Jesus Christ experiences the new birth, through which gateway he is introduced into newness of life.

There need be no mystery about this. Yet misconception is so common as to seem almost unavoidable.

On the one hand the matter has been so spiritualized as to place it utterly without the sphere of human agency and to lead the inquirer to suppose that this is an experience which, while absolutely necessary to a man's salvation, is nevertheless utterly beyond the reach of every human faculty, a sovereign bestowment ministered of God unto whomsoever He will, and withheld from all others. According to this theory there comes at a time when God pleases, to the man whom He hath chosen, this gift of spiritual life, irresistibly changing thought, feeling, and purpose, making of him a new man. When a sinner has definitely accepted this theory, seeing the whole matter is placed beyond his reach, he is discouraged, and may decide to give himself no concern about a matter of which he has no control.

On the other hand some have represented the new birth as contingent upon some ordinance administered by the Church in the observance of which this blessing is obtained. Usually water baptism, or some substitute for it, is set forth as the life-giving ordinance. In this case the work, if not taken out of the hands

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of God, is placed in the hands of men and is made dependent not on repentance, faith, or right living, but upon being sprinkled with or dipped into water by some one whose relation to the Church invests him with priestly saving power, and, so far as the person affected is concerned, dependent on his submitting to it. Submitting to baptism is with them a strong term of vastly more importance than faith in Christ. Such a conception of the new birth is materialistic, gross, and destitute of every element of spiritual life.

But what is the new birth? As I said, it is the beginning of the new life. What is the new life? It is a life of obedience to Jesus Christ; the life of one who recognizes the Lordship of Jesus Christ, who calls Him Lord and seeks to know His will, to do His will, to follow His example, and to enjoy His favor.

This is a life of faith. The man who lives thus, believes in Christ. He understands His trustworthiness and trusts Him. If he did not confide in Christ he could not undertake to live this life of obedient loyalty to Him. Such faith is not an emotion, not feeling, not a sentiment, nor is it an opinion, a speculation, atheorizing; it is a trusting, a confiding. Whosoever so confides in Christ that he wills to follow Him, is His disciple and walks in newness of life.

As Jesus passed by He saw a man named Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom and said unto him, "Follow Me," and he arose and followed Him. From that moment he accepted Jesus as his Lord, called himself one of His disciples, and was ready to go wherever and to do whatever Jesus directed. The old life was abandoned. He led a new life. He was a new man, a new creature. He lived unto Jesus Christ, for Him. He experienced the new birth. I do not know whether there was any unusual tide of feeling, whether he was conscious of an inner change, whether he thought of that or not. But there was a change, and his life thenceforth flowed in a new channel, and all the peace, the hope, the joy, the spiritual fellowship, and the purification of heart and life that appertain to Christian experience came along in due time. These were incidental or consequential. His thought

was to follow Jesus, learn of Him, obey Him, imitate Him, please Him. In other words, he had faith in Jesus, and that saved him.

When did the new life begin with Matthew? When he arose and followed Jesus. I know nothing of the sins, the sorrows, the struggles and failures of his previous life. They all matter nothing. He heard the voice of Jesus; he beheld the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world; he followed and was saved.

So any one who begins definitely to follow Christ enters upon a new life. You may do that now. You need not wait one hour. Perhaps that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. You hope one day to obtain salvation through Him. You sincerely wish that you were already one of His true disciples. You are hesitating just at the point of committing yourself. You do not know just how to begin. You are puzzling yourself over the supposed mysteries of faith, but you may put an end to all that by just now definitely purposing in your heart to give yourself now and henceforth to Christ. Just determine I will try to learn what He wills. I will do that will as best I can and the best I know every day. I will strive to follow His example, and I will trust everything else to Him. I will trust Him for the forgiveness of past sins, for forgiveness of daily sins, for deliverance from the power of temptation, for daily grace, for daily need, and for salvation at last in heaven. I will just leave all that to Him and never doubt that He will attend to it all. It seems to me you can do that, and do it now. If you do you enter upon the new life and pass through the gateway of the new birth. Let every reader do this, and do it now.

The first question will be, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? You have already purposed in your heart to do it before you ask. If you have, you are already born again. Not when you have heard this answer and begun to do what He directs, but before you have done anything, when you have only purposed now, henceforth, and forever to ask and to do His will; when you have just attained this attitude of confidence in Christ. You may do that this moment, and the moment you have done so you have crossed the Rubicon, you are a child of God.

You are amazed at the simplicity of all this? Yes, the wisdom of God is exceedingly simple.

Men ask for a sign, and say all this is foolishness. What? Saved without doing anything? Yes; just that. "Not by righteous works which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us." "To him who worketh not, but believeth on Him who justifieth the ungodly, his faith is accounted to him for righteousness." "Not of works, lest any man should boast." "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." Whenever any man will trust Christ, then Christ will trust him, trust him with His grace, the grace that bringeth salvation.

But does not this do away with the spiritual work? No, indeed; it magnifies it. Do we think a spiritual work must needs be attended by signs and wonders, deep emotions, and wild ecstasies? Not necessarily. When these do not attend they are incidental. They are not the mighty works of the Spirit. The mighty work of the Spirit is the change in the current of life, when the wayward, untamed, restless sinner becomes dominated by the will of Christ, and the life goes on thereafter under the dominion of the King who reigns in righteousness. If there be this, it matters not about anything else. Yet no man calls Jesus Lord but by the Holy Ghost.

I insist upon it; you may now place your heart and life under the Lordship of Christ. The Holy Ghost has made this possible for you. He has revealed the Son through the word of truth. He has illuminated your mind to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. He has led you to understand that Jesus is your only Savior. He urges the matter upon you by the minister who preaches the gospel to you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. He enables the infirmity of your will. The matter halts simply at the vital point of your own consent. Will you at His word stretch forth the withered hand? Will you arise and walk? If you will, Jesus Christ makes you whole.

What is it all? It is to take Jesus Christ to be your Master; to purpose simply now and henceforth to do your best to understand and do the will of Christ, and to trust Him for this and

everything else. You can do this now, and in doing it you are born again. But what about repentance and faith, and all that? My brother, this is repentance and faith, the essence and marrow, the sum and substance thereof. Just this, and nothing more. Glory to God! It is simple as A B C. It is as easy as learning to walk. The child can understand and accept it.

To purpose to do the will of Christ, you begin to inquire what is His will. What does He command? Let me help you a little. He gives you but one commandment or, if by many precepts, they are summed up in the one commandment, the new commandment, adapted to the new birth and the new life: "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." If any man fulfill this royal law he shall do well. Jesus has commanded nothing else, and all His precepts, injunctions, and instructions serve to amplify and illustrate this.

True, there will come in your way many duties, not as conditions of salvation, not as elements of a law which gives life, but duties growing out of your acceptance of the Lordship of Christ. The first of these will be the duty of joining the Church, as we phrase it; of confessing Christ, putting on Christ, and associating yourself openly with the people of God. If there be anything in this fellowship that is helpful to you in your religious life, you will heartily desire it; if anything that will enable you to be helpful to others, the law of love will compel you to seek it; if there be any reproach in belonging to Christ's people, you will rejoice to bear it for Christ's sake, and if there be any self-denial involved, any burden to bear, any service to render for Christ, you will be ever so glad to share it. And I do not know how you will keep out of the Church. The very first step when you begin to walk with Christ, as it seems to me, will be this.

Then you will search the Scriptures, give yourself to prayer, use the means of grace, and carefully consider your conduct from day to day, whether it will be worthy of Christ. In brief, laying aside every weight and the sin which does so easily beset us, you will run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.

Are you doing all this to-day, trusting not in your own righteousness, but in Christ alone for salvation, desiring to know Him, to live for Him, to be approved of Him? Then you are a Christian. You are born of God. You are in the way of life. Parley not with doubt. You need not be troubled about past experiences. If your heart is right you have spiritual life, and the fact of life is the indubitable evidence of birth.

Entering into the new covenant introduced by the new birth into new life, where you keep the new commandment and sing the new song, you are walking in the new and living way to the new Jerusalem, where Jesus Christ will drink new wine with His disciples in the Kingdom of His Father, and He that sitteth on the throne shall say, "Behold, I make all things new."

Christ, the sympathies of Jesus Christ, and the life that was in Him. If you will mark these things and keep them well in mind, it will help you in what we have to say and the message we have to deliver. I would suggest further, before I begin the discussion, that there is nothing like having a mind prepared to hear, unless it is having a heart that is willing to receive. When we learn to think devoutly and to pray thoughtfully, we will be far advanced towards substantial and real knowledge. So I shall trust you to pray as well as think, and think as well as pray.

THE THOUGHTS OF JESUS CHRIST.

The thoughts of Jesus Christ as they burst forth upon the world in His early teachings were as the last verse that I read from the New Testament indicates—they startled the world. If I were going to make a text for that particular line of thought I would use that last verse of the seventh chapter of Matthew: "For He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." Or I might select another one, where a committee had been sent forth to trap Him in His teachings, and when they came back and reported they shook their heads and said, "Never man spake as this Man."

The thoughts of Jesus Christ startled the world, and yet not so much because of their originality. If you think that the world never heard of anything like that; if you think that the world had no literature before the coming of Christ, you need enlightenment. The world was full of literature. This modern idea, that because we have recently discovered some things, they did n't exist before, is all wrong. Even in Solomon's day and time there was literature, for "of making books there was no end, and much study was a weariness of the flesh." There was a whole lot of literature before the time of Christ. Grecian literature was in its glory, and so was Latin, and the Hebrews had their literature, and some other—too much other. The Orientals had been writing some time before. We have never found out how long. Confucius had had his day, and taught in many ways the same things that Christ did. I believe we might trace that wonderful thing,

CHAPTER LX.

THE MAN JESUS.

COMMENCEMENT SERMON, PREACHED BY REV. E. N. EVANS, OF
NEW ORLEANS, LA., AT HENDERSON-BROWN COLLEGE,
ARKADELPHIA, ARK., MAY 22, 1910.

TEXT: "Theretore whosoever heareth these sayings of Mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock . . . for He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." (Matthew 7:24-29.)

INTRODUCTION.

I am exceedingly glad to be here to-day. Many sacred memories center here, and I am delighted to be in your midst. I come from the office of business, from managing corporations and companies of considerable size; but it is not from that source that I come to you to-day.

By the grace of God and by the authority of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, I am a minister of the Church of Jesus Christ, and I come to you as a minister from God, and I come with a message from Him to you, Mr. President and Faculty, and to you, officers and student body of this institution, and I shall deliver it to the best of my ability. Therefore we want to have a little talk just now—as we used to express it—a heart-to-heart talk about some things that pertain to your highest and best interests.

We are living in a somewhat rapid age. We are going pretty fast now. But I do not complain of that. If you will go right, the faster the better.

There are three things I want to call to your attention, and if you will keep these three things fixed in your minds it will help us both, in speaking and in hearing: The thoughts of Jesus

the Golden Rule, to an author five hundred years before Christ—in teaching, if not in exact words. So the world was full of literature, and we can appreciate what John the Baptist said concerning the coming of Christ: "Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor, and gather His wheat into His garner: but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." He found the few grains of wheat that were in the pile of chaff. No wonder we have had the idea that there was no literature! And sometimes I think there was little but chaff; sometimes I think, too, that it would be well if He would come again and get out everything except the truth that we seek. And we need the truth. Ye have heard it said so and so; but I say unto you, "What a scatterment He made of Hebrew literature when He was trying to fan away the sayings and teachings of their elders and scribes and get down to what God was trying to reveal to His chosen people." His perfect familiarity, not only with the Hebrew people, their literature, and their erroneous sayings, but with the literature of Greece and Rome, and of India and the Orient, up to the time of His coming, caused them to marvel and say, "Where did this Man get all His great learning?" He was perfectly familiar with the thought of the day in which He lived. We might say much more concerning Him. He was familiar with the thought of the men in the ages past, in the age in which He lived, in this age, and all the rest of them; for He was the Way, the Truth, and the Life. I have n't long to dwell upon this thought, but I want to leave this idea: that Jesus Christ was the world's greatest Teacher, and if you get your hearts full of nonsense, scientific egotism, and fail to discover that Christ was the world's greatest Teacher, you will ruin and you will wreck.

Jesus Christ was the world's greatest Teacher, and the world is beginning to recognize that fact as never before in its history. Do you know that the University of China, of India, and the Orient, as well as those of Europe and America, are calling to-day as never before for the four little books called the Gospel, and the disposition is largely to trim out a good deal that is in that.

The greatest teaching to-day is the words of Jesus Christ, without comment, according to His disciples. Tell us what He said, and what did He teach? They want to know, and they must know.

Quite a number of sermons you hear you can afford to forget seventy-five to one hundred per cent in them, and many things you read in Sunday school and Church papers you can afford to forget and pass it. You can not afford to forget His words. You must press them down and keep them as truth. You might afford to forget what I say about His words; but if you are going to live in the age to come, you will have to know what Jesus Christ said, because the world is going to know.

I regret sometimes that I have some little symptoms of getting old. I wish I were young. I want to see what will be the result of the mighty conflict that is already imminent. It is in every nation of the globe. It is working its way into every college in the land: the mighty conflict of thought over thought. I would like to live a little longer to see this great battle, when it increases in force and combines to wage the mighty conflict of thought between thought—between the thoughts of Jesus Christ and the thoughts of the worldly. You will not have to go to Europe to see it. You will not have to go to the Orient to see it, or to India. You will see it in America, on our own free soil, this mighty conflict between ideas, this battle fierce and to the death, this battle between truth and error, between right and wrong, in high places and in low places. You will see it fought out in free America, and in the near future you will hear reverberating from the colleges and the universities of this land the discussion of the great teachings and how to live best, more than you have ever heard it before. His teachings, as against the teachings of all others, are the best teachings in the wide world. You will hear the forces of His wonderful yet simple words against the high in their oppression of the low; in the great conflict between capital and labor; between the great masses and the classes you will hear His words. They will ring out as clear and unmistakable as languages can convey ideas to human intellects. You will have need to know what He taught and what He did and said. The fact

is, if you have the teachings of Jesus Christ and that great primary thought of how to love and serve God, you will have the key to any difficult situation that may confront you throughout life.

THE SYMPATHIES OF JESUS CHRIST.

My further discussion will appear more clearly under the next heading, *The Sympathies of Jesus Christ*.

I am afraid that statement might mislead you. I believe in sentiment. I am a sentimentalist. But there is a whole lot of cant and weak, gushing sentimentality that you want to avoid as a pestilence. We are not talking about that manner of stuff.

The sympathies of Jesus Christ, as expressed in His life, His social living, these are the things I would call your attention to.

First of all, as it appears in the world, we find Him born in a manger; we might say, in squalid poverty; and the world of the poor rush to Him in their misery. Here is One, great and precious, come to us in our humble sphere. Not even permitted to have birth in the common little inn or in the residence of the humble, but is born in a manger. Yet mark this truth: to that humble manger comes the royal intellect of the East and pours treasure at His feet, while the shepherds watching over their flocks in the fields were awakened by the angels' songs and themselves sang His praises. So it is not hard, after all, to make out that Jesus was a sympathizer with the poor, the distressed, the needy, and the afflicted.

Not at all. They rushed to Him. They met Him, and would have made Him their King and crowned Him. Would you suppose that the rich of earth would have decided that He is a God-send to the poor, but He is nothing to us? Yet His teachings and His words confounded the greatest intellects of His age. And when they thought that at last the poor had a King that money could n't buy, when He passed down the public road as a teacher, followed by a great throng, He came upon Zacchæus, and said to him, "Zacchæus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house;" and the poor that followed Him were dismayed. They were confused and confounded, and they said,

"Oh, well, we might have expected as much, that He would be taken away from us; He has gone with the rich to dine, with the rich and the sinners." He had sinned against His most enthusiastic admirers because He had found a man's heart all fettered and bound by wealth, and He had gone down to give him an opportunity to unburden himself, and Zacchæus said, "If I have gotten anything by false accusation I will restore it fourfold." And Jesus said, "Salvation has come to this house this day." Jesus Christ was n't fettered and bound by any class. He never made it a sin or a virtue to be poor, nor did He ever have a greed for any man's wealth, no matter how great it was. He required him to come up to the mark and be a man; that is all. And when that boasting Roman officer sent Him word to leave, or He would be killed, He said, "Tell that fox so and so," and "I have nothing to do with his affairs." Position and money did not bother Him. When He went after a man He went wherever the man was found. Whenever I hear a lot of public speakers and politicians get up and say that poverty is the only virtue in the world, and the rich must get out and let us alone, I feel disgusted with such men. It is sacrilege. Jesus Christ came to show us how little depended upon the wealth that we have and how little there is in the things that puff us up. During His life many of the people with whom He dwelt and with whom He talked were rich, but He did not pander to the "gas-bags" of their city. He sat upon them as neatly and as effectually as Roosevelt did the Vatican at Rome. You can't make social distinctions that Jesus Christ left behind Him. So you need not try to bind and fetter Him and His gospel. We can see back in the age in which He lived how utterly impossible it was for one to rise out of one class into another. We can see and understand that, and we can see and appreciate the liberality and freedom that Jesus Christ and His gospel has brought us. But are we innocent in these matters? Do n't we hear talk about capital and labor, and matters like that? It is unworthy of a Christian nation and a Christian people to talk nonsense like that. When we come to appreciate and to realize that we will appreciate Robert Burns's little poem, "A

man's a man for a' that," the essential point of all human character and divine character.

I think the saddest thing in all the world is to misunderstand. I am willing for a man to disagree with me. I am willing for you to have ideas of your own and to let me have mine. I am willing to argue with you about it, and if you do n't agree with me you may be as good a man as I am and see things differently. I understand and appreciate that; but let us not go apart and drift apart because we misunderstand each other. I believe this old world is hungry for the examples of the life He has set—a life based upon truth and merit; but the world does not understand Him as it should and as it will. I want to live to see the day (Oh, may God speedily send it!) when we will begin to understand and appreciate the life that Christ lived among us when He was here. Oh, that I might learn to love Him as He loved me, and that I might know Him as He knew me, that I might know Him more intelligently and more devoutly! It is hard for us to see how He loved us so thoroughly and intelligently, all classes of men; to see how little we understand and appreciate. Sometimes in our shoutings and our joys He has discovered such misconceptions of His true merit and love. Oh, that we might love intelligently.

But enough for that. I will protract the service too long if I dwell any longer upon that subject.

THE LIFE THAT WAS IN HIM.

Here we come upon more mystery. We go looking for it sometimes where it does not exist. We love mystery. You will find a great many things that are mysterious that we do n't want to feel for at all. It is not everything that is mysterious that has real merit in it. Every little mudhole that you come across, because you can't see the bottom, is not necessarily deep. It is nothing in the world but mud. Keep away from it. Leave it. You need n't stop there to probe its mysterious depths. The mud has simply been stirred up. There is nothing to it.

Christian Science (falsely so called), Spiritualism, and a lot

of things, a whole catalogue of them, are mysterious. Keep away from them. Leave them alone. Suppose you do n't see the bottom. It is not worth seeing. Let a few men that have time go out and discuss it. I have n't much patience with it. I knew they were duck-ponds, and never had time for them. I had rather go out into God's world with His message for them than to go off after other things, that are of no importance. Steer away from them. Here is something to claim your attention.

Do n't get yourself stuck up to the point of saying, "If I can't understand a thing, I won't believe it." "I can't know anything but by the five senses." You can't? You are in a bad fix if you can't get hold of anything except what the five senses will bring to you; you will grind yourself down to the coarse form of materialism.

There is something in us which calls for the mysterious. There are a great many things in this Book which I can't explain. I believe them just the same. There is something in us which tells us that the soul is divine and immortal; but we can't go too far into these things. The test-tubes are small, and they will burst if you undertake to crowd all these spiritual affairs into them. All along through that Book there is something more than human. There are miracles mysterious and sublime, and we can't comprehend them when judged by the standards of our knowledge. Some smart alecks will say: "You do n't believe that fishy story, do you? and about Daniel cast into the lion's den? and about the Hebrew children being thrown into the fiery furnace? We have gotten far above that now. We can explain all that." I believe that the whale swallowed Jonah and brought him back to land again. I believe that Daniel was cast into the lion's den, and they did n't consume him. I believe that story about the three Hebrew children being cast into the fiery furnace. I believe the children of Israel went across the Red Sea dry-shod, because Jesus Christ said so and stamped them with His approval. In other words, I believe there is more than human power. I believe there is a divine hand in the affairs and lives of men. I believe there was more than human life in Jesus Christ. "I came into the world

that they might have life." I believe that Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary. I believe not in the so-called Christian Science, but I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy spiritual or catholic Church, the communion of the saints, and the life everlasting. It is the teaching of this Book. He said, "The words that I speak are given to Me of My Father." I believe that He did the things that I have mentioned. We do n't claim that it was human power at all. It was the spiritual power that was in Him.

A great many people are skeptical about the possibilities of the resurrection, and they say: "We have some doubts about the divinity of Christ, and you undertake to prove His divinity by His resurrection. If He was what He claimed, was it possible for the grave to hold Him? Did death have dominion?" This was absolutely the test of human power. If a man is human, when he is dead he is down and out. If he is more than human he comes back to life. It was impossible for the grave to hold Jesus Christ. It was the divine, not the human power in Him; the divine, not the human form; and the grave could not hold Him.

Now, I have n't much anxiety about Halley's comet. I have heard about comets and things striking the earth all my life. David said: "The Lord is thy keeper. The moon shall not smite thee by night, nor the sun by day." The Lord made these things and will not permit it. I am not concerned about that. Some day we will meet the Lord on the judgment day. "He will come again, to judge the quick and the dead." The life that was in Him may abide in us also. Take that old idea. We are getting too far away from it now. We need to be born again. The Christian life is more than correct morals. It is different in kind from all forms of the world's religions. It is life, a new life, different in kind and power—"Christ in you the hope of glory." It is not enough to say, "I did the best I could," or "the best I knew." What some people do n't know would make a volume as large as the Encyclopedia Britannica. What you do n't know will not save you. Salvation is not by ignorance, but by faith in Jesus Christ. It is not what I can do, but what God can

do through me. "I am the vine, ye are the branches. If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth and withereth. If ye abide in Me and I in you, ye shall bring forth much fruit, and ye shall be called My disciples." Take Him as your teacher. Let your conduct toward your fellows be as was His, and seek here the life that was in Him.

Proofs of the Call. From the days of Adam until the close of St. John's vision on the Isle of Patmos we find the golden thread of this connection. Who would dare question the divine call of Seth and Enoch to teach men the ways of God in their day and generation? We are plainly taught that Noah was a man called of God and set apart to the work of preaching righteousness to the men of his day, both by precept and example. This task he faithfully performed for an hundred and twenty years. The fruit of this is given in the saving of his own household.

We find Abraham coming under this same head. From Ur, in the land of the Chaldees, we hear God calling the father of the faithful and the friend of God to arise and go out into the land which He should show him. We follow him over mountains and plains as he goes, not knowing where his path would lead. One thing he knew to his heart's content, and that was, that God's hand was leading. We find the same thread extending from Moses to John the Baptist, who came forth with every fiber of his being quivering with the divine message. He lost himself in the magnitude of his calling, and would answer, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." None the less we find the same spirit dominating the will of the New Testament leaders. The impression was so clear and unmistakable to St. Paul that we hear him crying in his message to the Church at Corinth: "For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of. Necessity is laid upon me. Yea, woe is me if I preach not the gospel." He laid the stress upon the word "gospel." He had no time nor disposition to preach chaff. Preaching the gospel was, to St. Paul, the greatest and most dignified calling committed to man.

Why hesitate? If the call to the ministry is from God, why do we find so many good men hesitating to enter the work? We will endeavor to give a few practical reasons for this hesitation.

1. The setting aside of life plans. Men of ambition and worth have their proposed goal. They lay their plans with enthusiastic care and enter upon the work with an ambition to reach the goal by and by. The ambition may run along professional lines, such as statesmanship, teaching, literary attainments, or med-

CHAPTER LXI.

THE CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

THE OPENING SERMON OF THE PINE BLUFF DISTRICT CONFERENCE
AT STAR CITY, JULY 5, 1911, BY REV. W. F. EVANS, OF LAKE-
SIDE METHODIST CHURCH, PINE BLUFF, ARKANSAS.

TEXT: "As they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." (Acts 13:2.) See Jonah 1:2, 3:1, 2.

My Brethren: The subject of a divine call to preach is a subject that can not be lightly considered by the Church of to-day. It is no dead issue, but one of valid life—a living force. We know of no Church organization overrun with applications to preach; but to the contrary, we hear an earnest call from all branches of the Church for more and better equipped ministers.

The Call. What do we understand by a call to preach? Is it the mere choosing of an occupation by an individual? One in which he may engage for a season, and change or discontinue at will? No; it is more than this. We understand a calling or vocation to be far more than the simple choice of man. It is to be called into specific work for a specified end. The impression comes from God to the individual and rests upon his mind and heart so as to impress him with the divinity of the call. While we as Methodists believe and teach that God calls the individual personality into the ministry as a life-work, we also believe that the impression goes beyond the person called, and that by his gifts and graces others are impressed with the leadership of the divine hand, and that God is calling this brother into a specific work. I should seriously question any man's call to preach when others did not share in the conviction. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established."

ical science. It matters not what; they have planned life's work, and it is dear to them. Before casting in the sickle, and reaping and binding and casting aside these sacred ambitions, many have halted and turned aside from the divine call, as did Jonah, and have gone down under willful rebellion, thereby thwarting God's plans.

2. The second reason is that of inadequate support. Every worthy man wishes to be free and independent of even a slight tinge of poverty. He wishes to own and control that which makes men independent and enables them to be charitable toward others. Experience has taught him that the officary of the Church only plans for the minister's support in a limited way, and frequently this is not paid. The common scenes at Conference, when the aged and infirm retire from active work, homeless and penniless, sends a chill through the veins of the aspiring youth. Here we lose many of the flower of the land, and some of the Church's richest intellects are being lost to the world's evangelization. Brethren of the laity, these things ought not to be so.

3. Some have looked upon the ministry as a business that does not appeal to the strong intellect with the masters of commerce and statesmanship. He is not to enter into these things in the scope of his discussions, lest he should soil the skirts of his holy garments. To deal in things pertaining to his own personal salary and comfort would be in the eye of some a sin against the Holy Ghost, and would disqualify him for the work of the holy pastorate. And thus men are kept from the work of the ministry.

4. In the fourth place I reach the master excuse confronting the man called to the work of the ministry. It is Responsibility. Men do not like to become responsible for even worldly liberty and the social freedom of their fellow-men. To sit on a jury, to try a man for his liberty in society and with his family, is a work not sought by our best citizens; and to try a man for his life is a task too severe for many a good man. If good men, our foremost citizens, shrink and hesitate to take part in such work as this, is it a wonder that men wait and ponder before entering a work that involves the souls of men? The gospel is the power

of God unto salvation." The preaching of the gospel is God's method of saving the world. For men to undertake a work in which so much is involved is more than they are willing to do, unless there be a mighty influence back of the moving cause.

To look every man in the eye, and in him see an immortal soul, and to hear the voice of the God of heaven calling man to the work of directing that soul to the haven of rest, is a responsibility that makes men tremble and hesitate. The eternal woes of the Bible that are pronounced against men, and the thought of God holding us responsible at the last day for our ambassadorship, frightens men away; and we hear the wail, "I can't; I can't." Before his own weakness and in the presence of such responsibility men surrender and go away from a known duty, controlled by a spirit of selfish ease.

The Incentive to Preach. Were it not for this saving clause to the work of the ministry, but few men would yield themselves to the call. No man is free from selfish ambition. Men appreciate public recognition, and doubly so when it comes from the great of earth.

Many old Confederate soldiers felt new life-blood flowing through their veins with ever increasing enthusiasm when they were placed upon the staff of honor at the last reunion; but to have been placed at the head of some advancing column by a Grant or a Lee, as one worthy of confidence, would have been a far greater honor. Men seek political recognition and leadership, from the humble magistrate to the President. For this recognition men spend thousands of dollars, and time and energy without stint, all of which is to gain the public recognition of their constituency.

We find in Church as well as in State an ambition for high places of honor and distinction. This I shall not condemn, but grant it a place among sacred things, when properly harnessed and stimulated by a holy zeal. God has stamped His approval upon such men not as place-seekers, but as men seeking the fields of greatest service in the Kingdom of grace.

To have been discovered, recognized, and advanced by a Washington, Grant, or Lee would have stimulated any man to do,

dare, suffer, and die in the defense of his cause. To be discovered by the Church, recognized by the elder, and advanced by the bishop has nerved many a man to face the hardships of the ministerial life. To be selected by the God of the skies, and called into His fellowship to become a co-worker with Him in world-wide movements and in interests eternity-long, is the greatest honor ever given to mortal man.

Let it inspire us to our best. The call is from the God of heaven, who made all things and who controlleth all things. The work is more than nation-wide—it embraces all the kingdoms of the earth. The interest is eternity-long, and the work is too sacred to be intrusted to angels. The work has employed the mind of the infinite Godhead since the fall of Adam. To our Captain, Christ the Lord, was given the work of redemption, but the work of the extension of the Kingdom of the Father has been committed to men. To be counted worthy of an humble place in the co-partnership with Christ is an honor that has stimulated, inspired, and nerved men in all ages to live, dare, sacrifice, suffer, and to die for a cause so grand and an honor so rare. My dear brother, do you hear the call? As a manly man, how dare you turn a deaf ear to the voice? The very thought inspires and nerves me to put forth my best efforts, with a willingness to suffer under poverty and want, rather than to see the cause suffer.

Preparation. Let us now consider the preparation for the work. A work that is world-wide and whose issues never end should surely employ man's best effort. No man is at his best until he has made his best preparation. The extent of the work is more than can be measured. The responsibility of the work is beyond the expression of man. The unfathomableness of its depths and the inconceivable heights to which it tends are the things that have driven men to the solitude. It was this that caused Elijah to spend more than three years in the wilderness before the triumphant victory at Carmel. It sent him on his journey to the wilderness via the juniper tree and to his forty days' fasting and prayer, which prepared him for the chariot of fire.

It was John's privations and wilderness study that kindled the

altar fires of the coming Messiah in his soul until they leaped and bounded through his veins and played along his nerves. The Messiah, the Messiah, was his theme; and he shouted it from every hilltop and along the valleys of the Jordan until the eager listeners thronged about him from every land and of every character.

St. Paul's long years at the feet of Gamaliel, his vision on the Damascus roadside, and his two years in Arabia among the sacred scenes of Israel's footpaths prepared him for the lictor's lash, the wild beasts of Ephesus, the prison walls of Rome; took away the horrors of the headsman's ax, and gave him a vision of the crown. May we say with reverence that the forty days our Lord spent among the wilderness scenes buffeted by Satan, were His days of preparation? His victorious conflict with His enemy and yours prepared Him for the garden and for Calvary. In these He showed the world the power of His matchless love whereby He draws men unto Himself. The scenes of Mt. Olivet were His crowning scenes and last revelation to man. He went away the world's stainless Victor.

To be a co-worker with Him, against the prince of the power of the air, with the assurance of victory in the end, is enough for me. It is then that we shall be kings and priests, who have come up through great tribulations and have conquered by the power of the cross.

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